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The Bomb Tests by C. H. Waddington, F.R.S.

THE NEW

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The End of the Cyprus Truce?

IT is ten weeks since Archbishop Makarios emerged with enhanced prestige from the Seychelles. During all that time the "truce" in Cyprus has been maintained. There has been no terrorism, no hangings. The improved atmosphere has provided a wonderful chance to take the first steps towards a negotiated settlement.

Last week-end the calm was shattered. Mr. Macmillan announced that he would not enter into direct negotiations with the Archbishop, or permit his return to Cyprus; and Nicos Sampson, a young Cypriot terrorist, was sentenced to death, under emergency regulations, for carrying a Sten gun. The circumstances of this case are so extraordinary that they deserve the widest publicity. Only last month Sampson was tried for murder in Nicosia. The sole evidence of substance against him was his own "confession"—which, he alleged, had been obtained by torture. Mr. Justice Bernard Shaw (who throughout the Cyprus emergency has refused to cloud his judicial mind with official prejudice) held that the allegations of torture were not proved, but that the police treatment of Sampson on his arrest was sufficiently improper to render the confession inadmissable. Sampson was therefore acquitted. Now another court has sentenced him to death on the lesser charge of carrying arms, although this arises from the circumstances of the same arrest and on the evidence of the same police officers.

To say that such a conviction gives rise to some disquiet is an understatement. We do not argue that Sampson was innocent of the offence. It is the decision to prosecute, and not the conviction, which is indefensible. To put a man in peril of his life twice in quick succession in such circumstances—especially since the second charge is one for which the death penalty could not possibly be justified except in a state of emergency—is repugnant to civilised sentiment and would never be tolerated by public opinion in this country.

It is naturally assumed that the purpose of this second trial was to assuage the indignation of police and officials at Sampson's acquittal on the murder charge: the effect must be to bring the British administration into further disrepute and to convince every Greek Cypriot that the British are still relying on crushing Cypriot resistance rather than hoping for a negotiated settlement.

Is that judgment correct? It is distasteful even to suggest the possibility that British officialdom would prefer not to see a solution to the problem of Cyprus. Yet the suspicion cannot be entirely discounted. Does any reasonable person believe that a political settlement can be reached except by direct negotiations? Mr. Macmillan no doubt considers that Makarios is a rogue—but at least his claim to be the "spiritual and elected national leader of the Greek people of Cyprus" is unchallengeable; and history has shown again and again that, in revolutionary situations, it is seldom worth negotiating with those who are not in some sense rogues. Then it is claimed that, since his release from imprisonment, he has made a number of public statements rejecting British and Turkish proposals and making his "own participation in discussions" conditional on his return to Cyprus—but why not? If he were not a tough leader, there would be no point in negotiating with him; and if he agreed in advance with the British and Turkish case, there would be nothing to negotiate about.

Mr. Macmillan has allowed himself to be led into a dead end of policy. To refuse to acknowledge Makarios as a leader and a plenipotentiary is to refuse a negotiated settlement. To refuse a negotiated settlement is to perpetuate the rule of the police and soldiers. The shocking decision to prosecute Sampson for a second time should serve as a sharp warning to the public of the dangerous state of mind of British colonialism in Cyprus. If Sampson is in the end hanged—and the machinery of appeal has yet to take its course—and if terrorism should start again as a result, many impartial observers outside Cyprus or Greece will believe that it was Sir John Harding who struck the first blow.

Comments on the Week's News

Scientists and the Bomb

The manifesto signed by 2,000 U.S. scientists calling for an international agreement to stop the testing of nuclear bombs was quickly followed by a similar warning from Professor Oliphant. These two statements are striking new evidence of the mounting alarm among responsible scientists at the hazards of man-made radiation. The American document is remarkable for both the number and distinction of its signatories. They include three Nobel prize-winners—a chemist, a geneticist and a physiologist; and it is claimed that about half those who signed are biologists, while many of the rest specialise in one or other of the chemical and medical sciences. Dr. Linus Pauling, spokesman for the signatories and himself a Nobel prize-winner, claimed at a press conference last Monday that each added amount of radiation caused damage to the health of human beings all over the world; that scientists knew of the dangers involved and therefore had a special responsibility to make them known. This question of what is known and what is only guessed at—the key to all sensible judgments about nuclear tests—is the subject of a remarkable article on another page by Dr. C. H. Waddington, Buchanan Professor of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh University. Much confusion has been caused in the public debate on nuclear weapons by the layman's doubts about how much the scientists really do know. Moreover the scientists themselves, feeling in some cases passionately about the political or moral issues involved, have not always helped to clarify the issue by the fierceness with which they have argued for their own conclusions. We invited Professor Waddington to survey for us with the greatest possible objectivity the dividing line between certainty and conjecture. This he has done with extraordinary clarity; and, having done so, he concludes by offering with singular modesty his personal view of the moral problems which arise—"the opinion of one person no more qualified in this connection than the majority of his fellows":

> . . . my personal view is that the biological cost of [the bomb-tests] is not large (he writes); but I do not think that any country in the world can get from them in the future anything which is worth even that cost. I thought before the Christmas Island explosions that this country would have gained more by calling off the tests, and the case for calling a halt now is even stronger.

His measured conclusions are not less significant because they are clothed in the careful precision of uncommitted science.

Action on China Trade

The Board of Trade has already made the necessary order giving statutory effect to the changes in China trade. The new consolidated version of the China lists and those governing deliveries to the Soviet bloc in Europe makes an alignment of strategic controls on exports to the two regions. Britain's unilateral action was welcomed by most of the members of Chincom who met in Paris this week. But the Japanese and the West Germans—though the keenest of the lot to start developing the Chinese market—still keep an eye on their American patron and have held back from officially acclaiming the greater independence shown in London. Industrial circles (West German imports from China rose from £16m. in 1955 to £18.5m. last year and exports from £9 to £13m.) are already on the spot with plans to send a delegation to Peking in October to open trade negotiations. In Asian capitals and throughout the Communist world, Britain's move is regarded as further eroding America's China policy. Time, the Chinese believe, is on their side. Events are forcing a reappraisal of American trade policy which in turn may start a further erosion in her attitude towards China in the U.N.

Footnote to Matusow

Harvey Matusow is an ex-Communist who was used by the U.S. government as an "expert" witness in the trial of several admitted and alleged Communists. Later, he recanted and was himself sent to prison for perjury. The government, however, refused to review the cases in which Matusow's evidence had helped secure convictions. Now one of these cases—that of a labour organiser called Clinton Jencks—has reached the Supreme Court, and in yet another decision which strikes directly at the witch-hunters, it has thrown out the conviction and ordered a new trial. The Court has declared that the government must produce the reports of F.B.I. informers, or the informers themselves, if a court is to accept these as evidence. This means that the government cannot claim that its secret files prove a defendant's membership of the Communist Party unless it is prepared to open those files to inspection by the defence and the court. This would certainly create difficulties, since all security agencies try to protect their sources. The Court is aware of this, but has said plainly that the government must decide in each case which is the more important—to protect its sources or secure a conviction. For the F.B.I. this seems a real handicap. Indeed, Mr. Arthur Miller may benefit from this decision on appeal from his sentence for contempt: he tried, unsuccessfully, to force the counsel for the Un-American Activities Committee to produce his files as evidence.

Union Outlook

The A.E.U. national committee reassembled this week after its adjournment to await the reports of the courts of inquiry. At its meeting on Tuesday it adopted a resolution authorising the executive to press, through the Confederation, for a substantial further wage advance to be made not later than May, 1958—at the end of the year's delay accepted as a condition of the recent advance—though what the A.E.U. will actually demand depends on what happens to prices and production. At the E.T.U. conference, the Communist-led executive has run into heavy weather. The delegates passed a motion expressing "disturbance" at the executive's attitude towards last year's events in Poznan and in Hungary, and also explicitly condemning the Soviet Union's behaviour in Hungary; but Mr. Foulkes succeeded in getting the conference to endorse the E.T.U.'s industrial policy, though this has proved so expensive in strike pay that the Union's college and convalescent home have been closed down. In the shipyard industry the situation remains uncertain. The boilermakers are still opposed to any wage advance involving strings, whereas the shipbuilding employers have so far refused to agree to an advance without any. Negotiations have been again adjourned.

Owner-Occupiers

What should be the attitude of the next Labour government towards owner-occupation? The question is asked by Mr. D. L. Munby in the new pamphlet, *Home Ownership* (Fabian Society, 2s. 6d.), and his answer steers, in his own phrase, between an attempt to out-bid the Tories on one side and discrimination against owner-occupation for doctrinaire reasons. For this reason, the answer is not particularly clear. Mr. Munby sees the difficulties that widespread owner-occupation offers to town-planners, and he also dislikes the idea that too much personal saving should be tied up in houses: he argues not only for a greater dispersal of ownership of industrial shares, but he also suggests that we should adopt some of the American techniques for selling bonds to the general public. This is a good debating point to score against the Tory identification of "property-owning democracy" with owner-occupation, but it is a contentious digression to throw into an argument about housing policy. On the other hand, Mr. Munby does not want too much home-ownership: he is doubtful about the merits of Labour's proposal to grant 100 per cent. mortgages through local authorities, believing that this may lead to socially unnecessary house-purchase. On the main issue, this pamphlet is more a contribution to a complicated discussion than an attempt to reach a defined policy. But on the minor aspects of the problem, it makes some useful points. Certainly there should be a hard look at the function of building societies, and not least at the services they provide. Secondly, local authorities should offer a more widely conceived housing service, including help with surveys, exchange of houses to assist mobility, and an insurance scheme for repairs. Labour's policy statement, *Homes of the Future*, has not said the last word on housing.

Misrule in Football

Professional footballers, the Football League has decided, are to receive more pay. But, at any rate for the time being, they will still be subjected to a maximum wage—£17 a week in the playing season against the present £15—which prevents many of them from getting more than a fraction of what they could undoubtedly get in a free market. Moreover, they are still to be bound by the transfer system, which ties all of them to their clubs, even when their contracts have expired. Liberal-minded people would be outraged if such conditions were imposed on a miner or a journalist; but, because football is regarded as a triviality compared with coal or news, the same people refuse to take any aspect of it seriously. Yet injustice, amounting in a sense to a form of slavery, is a serious matter whoever it affects; and the corruption and contemptuous disregard for rules, now spreading through the football industry as a result of this sense of injustice, is a serious matter too—both for itself and for the example it sets. Mr. Joe Richards, the new president of the League, is more reasonable and far seeing than some of his colleagues. It is to be hoped that in forecasting changes in League rules within the next 12 months, he was foreshadowing the abolition of the maximum wage and the transfer system. If he was not, others may have to step in and take action, in the interests not only of footballers but also of public decency.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Peiping Tom

Some of this capital's toughest politicians, rudely known as Formosa Firsters, have just learned how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. Like Lear, they are a bit emotional about the discovery. To Senate Minority Leader Knowland, who has been a somewhat more enthusiastic spokesman for Chiang Kai-shek than for Eisenhower, last week's anti-American violence in Taipei was "shocking" and "a warning that we should review the entire situation abroad" with respect to American manpower. Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, another passionate admirer of Chiang's government, demanded full and immediate reparations for the "lawless acts," though such a penalty would have to come ultimately from the U.S. Treasury, which regularly makes up the deficits of that regime.

In less committed circles there was a similar sense of let-down and even suggestions for reappraising a policy hitherto regarded as a touchstone of good Americanism. "Very regrettable," said Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, "that people for whom we have done so much would destroy our buildings and tear down our flag because of one incident." Senators Fulbright and Mansfield echoed the sentiment, and Representative Zablocki, a Wisconsin Democrat, actually called for a "thorough re-examination of our position with respect to Formosa," without drawing down on his offending head the thunderbolts of Jove.

In general, those who have long nurtured the legend that the Taiwan regime is a stout ally and a bastion of the free world's defences take one of two tacks to explain, or extenuate, the display of friendship that took so damaging a form. It was simply a natural resentment, some said, at the acquittal, by an American court-martial, of an American sergeant who had shot to death a native Peeping Tom. It was not easy, perhaps, to take this indulgent a view of the outburst because, as it happens, the most fiery champions of Nationalist China are at the same time the most fiery champions of Nationalist America, men who normally look with strong disfavour on subjecting United States soldiers to trial by foreign courts.

On the whole, however, this was an easier interpretation for Chiang's friends to swallow than the alternate possibility, that the whole episode, as one Hearst paper put it, "was fomented by Communist mainland agents, through their tools on Formosa." For if a Communist plot could be so hugely successful in what is, after all, a garrison state, how deep must the infection go, and how highly placed must be the plotters. According to the American Embassy statement, the police made little effort to disperse the mob, though armoured cars equipped with machine guns were idly parked on the fringe of the crowd throughout the attack, and it was four hours before troops were called to break up the party. What is more, it turns out that a tape recording of a highly emotional speech by the slain man's widow had been broadcast by the official government radio and played back for the benefit of the demonstrators in front of the Embassy. If there is anything to the Communist plot theory, then the Kuomintang regime would seem to be more than just tinged with disaffection. And in that case, what becomes of the cherished belief, long an article of faith, that Formosa is freedom's citadel against the hordes of Asian Communism?

The State Department puts little store by this Communist plot, or "Peiping Tom," version of the incident, explaining blandly that Communist agitation is not a credible theory since there are supposed to be no Reds in Taiwan. Nevertheless, and in spite of Mr. Dulles's statement that the riots will produce no change in this country's basic policies for the Far East, the scent of change is in the air. President Eisenhower is believed to be incensed over the affair—and he does not anger easily in matters of state. Neither the President nor Mr. Dulles has ever belonged to the inner circle of Washington's Kuomintang cult. While men like Knowland and Admiral Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, have been rigid concerning Communist China, Eisenhower and Dulles have from time to time shown flashes of doubt that so sizeable a reality as a half-billion people can be indefinitely ignored and kept beyond the pale. The Taipei episode is likely at the very least to stimulate such doubts and to encourage talk that has long been taboo. In the circumstances Britain's decision to extend its trade with the Chinese mainland has brought hardly more than a shrug of the shoulders here. Three weeks ago the air would probably have been purple with rhetoric.

ROBERT BENDINER

Paris

After Melouza

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Saturday, at the beginning of the second week of the ministerial crisis, French opinion was shocked by the massacre of the entire male population in the Algerian village of Melouza, where the French forces discovered more than 300 bodies. This massacre seems to have been carried out by the Algerian Front of National Liberation to "punish" the population of Melouza for having asked for French protection against the rebels. For the first time since the beginning of the war in Algeria, the French President has deemed it necessary to intervene personally. He has asked "world opinion" to condemn the barbarous methods employed by the nationalists. Unfortunately, the day before, the spokesman of the F.L.N. blamed the massacre on the French army; he also made an appeal—in his case to the Pope and Mr. Hammarskjold—asking for an international commission to go to Algeria and inquire "into the methods used by the belligerents."

The massacre of Melouza thus becomes one of

Slow Boat to China

those obscure affairs which occur in every war. In Algeria both belligerents are quite capable of massacring the population of a village, and this is not the first time that 300 innocent Algerians have been murdered by French units or by nationalist extremists.

All the same, the Melouza affair has been a shock. Even if one accepts the French version, it proves the total failure of the policy of "pacification." According to M. Soustele and M. Lacoste, the region round Melouza has been faithful to France. Yet it now appears that it is the scene of military operations, and that the French army is incapable of protecting the population of a "loyal" village. If the 400,000 French soldiers in Algeria are not enough to protect a village, how many more divisions must be sent? Already it is being said by military commentators in Paris that it is impossible to protect the "loyal" population without three times as many troops. In short, to prevent a repetition of Melouza France will need an army of 1,500,000 soldiers permanently stationed in Algeria. But where can the men be found, and who will pay the bill? The cause of the ministerial crisis—and the reason why it has not yet been solved—was the failure of the main parties to agree on ways and means of paying for the military costs in Algeria: it is even less likely that they could agree to find more money for an even greater effort.

In asking "world opinion" to condemn the Algerian rebels, President Coty probably did not realise that, in a sense, he had fallen into the nationalists' trap. For more than a year after the failure of the secret talks with Guy Mollet's government, the F.L.N. has been trying to "internationalise" the conflict. It has sent a permanent delegation to the U.N. in the hope of securing the intervention of foreign powers—and thus ending the war. Now it is the French President himself who seems to be inviting intervention by third parties. Abandoning the argument that everything that happens in Algeria is a French internal affair, he asks the whole world to condemn the rebels. In the same breath he seems to recognise the right of the U.N.—the only organisation which represents "world opinion"—to inquire and even to intervene in Algeria. It does not seem easy for France to go on opposing the demand of the rebels for foreign mediation and an international commission of inquiry.

Westminster

"By God, they Frighten Me . . ."

When one looks at the Prime Minister, one instinctively feels like the Duke of Wellington looking at his troops. Mr. Harold Macmillan is still so mannered that even his most sensible utterances seem vaguely comic. Those startled eyebrows, those fretful eyes, that expression of pained surprise—one has seen them all at the Palladium; that dainty tapping of the Despatch Box, that habit of engaging a smile as a motorist engages a gear, that trick of drawing himself up to his full height so that indignation may drip from the ends of his moustache—these have always been the stock-in-trade of British domestic comedy. Because of these tricks, Macmillan always seems to be striking an attitude instead of taking a view.

This posturing has already had unfortunate results for Britain. As the Suez crisis mounted to its peak, Macmillan saw himself stationed in the prow, sword drawn and shield agleam, ploughing through the blue Mediterranean water to Afric's sunny shore. The prospect was so pleasing that for three long weeks he could not turn his eyes from it to the profit-and-loss balance sheet which, as Chancellor, it was his duty to prepare. Now, it would seem, he is at it again, this time on the H-bomb. The bomb has become a symbol to him, a symbol that Britain is restoring herself to her pristine greatness. It is a torch, given into his own hand, with which somehow he will set this old country alight again without, of course, burning the world to cinders in the process. It is his duty to provide us with more and more bombs—here his face becomes grey and stern. It is a duty from which he will not flinch—here the eye flashes, the chin lifts and the Conservative cheers are so loud that they awaken even Mr. R. A. Butler.

The posture is popular with government supporters. They have experienced so much vacillation by their leaders in the past year that now, unthinkingly, regardless of whether it is right or wrong, they welcome anything so long as it sounds firm. Long ago they stopped listening to arguments for the cancellation or even postponement of H-bomb tests. On Tuesday they showed that they would not even allow these arguments to be put. After Macmillan had briefly announced that another test had taken place, Mr. Gaitskell mildly asked him if he had seen the appeal by American scientists for the abandonment of further tests. The moment they knew what he was asking, Conservatives began to make the groaning noises which, hitherto, they have reserved for supplementaries by Mr. Philip Noel-Baker or perorations by Mr. Jim Griffiths. The groans deepened into approving growls when Macmillan replied that he saw nothing new in the scientists' appeal. When Mr. Aneurin Bevan protested that, whether it was new or not, it was universally agreed that the tests would lead to an increasing number of deaths, Conservative noises became so loud that Bevan was pricked into telling government supporters not to be so bloodthirsty. Of course he did not really think that any Conservative was actively thirsting for anyone's blood. At most he meant that by their unthinking persistence in supporting tests, which in turn would encourage other nations to pursue their tests, they might find themselves with blood on their hands. But the blind unwillingness of Conservatives to allow another point of view to be put was enough to drive even a saint to extreme language—and, it will have been observed, Bevan in such matters has some way to go before he can expect canonisation.

After an internal struggle which obviously cost him some effort, Bevan so controlled himself that he was able to "beg" the Prime Minister "to say whether the government would at any rate agree to stop tests if other nations proposed it." But Macmillan was now enjoying those special delights of firmness which only a weak or vain man can savour. Amid mounting cheers from his supporters, he replied that the British government had already made its own proposals; and though Bevan promptly pointed out that these proposals were only for the registration of tests and not for their cessation, Macmillan had now joined his bomb in the stratosphere and was out of earshot.

Labour's attitude to the bomb is equivocal, to say the least. Some members of the party want both the bomb and the tests. Some want neither bomb nor tests. So the official line at the moment seems to be for the bomb and against the tests. But at least there is serious thought and argument in Labour's ranks. But in the Tory ranks there appears to be no more thought, only wide-eyed sheep, content that at last they have something to follow, even if that something is only a prancing and vainglorious ram.

". . . by God, they frighten me."

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

A Co-operative Commonwealth

THE Labour Party, through choice, and the Conservative Party, through necessity, have since the war been pursuing a policy of granting political freedom to the colonies. During this period the population of the colonial empire has shrunk by many millions. Before or during the lifetime of the next government it is possible that some 43 millions more will leave the fold for self-government. But the economic consequences of this exodus for the Sterling Area and the Commonwealth have never been faced—least of all by the Conservatives. Political liberalism in Britain has been carried forward on the economic momentum of an era that has gone for good. Half a century ago the Liberal doctrine of colonial self-determination carried no threat to our economic dominance. In a free-trade world, in which she was the largest investor, Britain could be reasonably sure that the colonies, even when emancipated, would continue to revolve in her orbit as economic satellites, dependent on her for capital, and certain of an outlet for their primary produce and raw materials. Two world wars have altered all that.

Britain emerged from the last war no longer a natural investor, but a net borrower. The economic life of the world had polarised round the two giants, America and Russia, who had steadily been building up their strength behind protectionist walls. For a time the Labour government was able to delay the reckoning by continuing the wartime exchange and import controls which it had inherited. Moreover, it realised that it must buttress the economic weakness of the Commonwealth with new supports. By long-term agreements and bulk purchase contracts with colonial producers, and by giving deliberate preference to imports from the Sterling Area, it was able to replace the old, automatic advantages by new economic ties. All parties benefited by this arrangement. For the first time the colonial producer enjoyed something like stability in his export prices, while Britain was able to scrape through her recurring dollar crises by developing non-dollar sources of supply. In the period 1948-52 our sterling imports rose by 25 per cent. while our dollar imports fell by 6 per cent. Moreover, despite its obsession with the struggle against austerity at home, the Labour government made a heroic effort to step up its grants and investment funds for colonial development.

Nonetheless, it was fighting against the tide of economic orthodoxy, which was trying to force it

NEXT WEEK

Summer Books

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE on

The Art of Political Biography

V. S. PRITCHETT on **Three Men in a Boat**

and reviews of

Cricket, Sailing, Rowing and Travel Books

by J. P. W. Mallalieu, Andrew Wordsworth, Ralph Partridge, Honor Tracy, Nigel Nicolson and others.

back once more into "normal" channels. Convertibility and the liberalisation of trade were now in America's interest and she used her economic power to drive the world back on to this road again—as witness the terms of the 1946 American loan. With the fall of the Labour government, Washington has found a willing listener in the Conservative Party, the main props of whose policy have been the abandonment of bulk purchase, a return to private trade, the freeing of imports and dalliance with the European free trade area. Still more light-heartedly, the present government has fed the seed corn of financial surpluses to the British consumer and then tried to deal with the disastrous effects of "liberalisation" by monetary policies which have crippled colonial investment with high interest rates. Looking back over the last few years, it is remarkable that the Sterling Area and the Commonwealth have survived at all.

It is against this background that the Labour Party pledged itself last year to stimulate the colonies' progress towards self-government. But it has had the wisdom to realise that this involves re-thinking of economic policy. What should be the goal of our anti-colonialism? Can we best purge ourselves of a guilt-feeling about the master-man relation by "liberating" the colonies economically as well as politically, as the orthodox economists would persuade us to do? In the past few years our thinking has been vague. We have talked extensively of the need for a "war on world poverty"; we have supported the idea of the Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development, under which every member of the United Nations would pledge itself to devote 1 per cent. of its national income to the development of the backward areas through U.N. agencies. But all that is dependent on international agreement, which may be a long way off, whereas another period of Labour government may be an imminent reality. And besides, the realisation has been growing that as long as the U.N. agencies are not susceptible of any effective democratic control and are manned by quotas of national representatives, they are bound to reflect the official views of their largest subscribers and may become as much the vehicles for the spread of the American "way of life" as some of the bi-lateral agreements now are. In the meantime the concept of Socialist planning, which has such a pull all over Asia and the "emergent" territories of Africa and the West Indies, may well go by default.

The importance of the Labour Party's new policy statement*, therefore, is that Labour has made the choice, not merely to let the colonies go with our blessing and a small dowry as conscience money, but to delay some of the increases in our own standard of life in a deliberate and sustained effort to build a mutually beneficial co-operative Commonwealth. Whatever may be the calls on the next Labour government, we have pledged ourselves to spend one per cent. of our national income (roughly £160m at present levels of national productivity) on the development of the backward areas through the existing agencies. When we realise what we ought to be doing to increase home investment, to say nothing of the promised increases in our own social services, this is in itself no small commitment. Since the total of all our grants through these agencies is at present only £20m a year, and since we have recently been net borrowers from, rather than investors in, our colonies, we should not underestimate the drain. This time we must give the colonies a share in the physical, as well as the financial, priorities. There must be no repetition of the sort of incident which bedevilled colonial planning in the post-war austerity years, when, for example, the Nigerian groundnut crop piled up along the sidings at Kano because the locomotives desperately needed to clear them away had been diverted to satisfy the needs of British Railways. We shall have a struggle to reach this target, inadequate as it is, even if we count in this total of £160 million, as at first we must, any drawings by the colonies on their sterling balances. There will have to be a concerted effort and combined planning within the Commonwealth if the sterling balances are to take the strain.

But even as we make this pledge, we cannot be sure that we shall be doing enough to meet the financial stresses that face the Commonwealth. Success is by no means sure; the task of building a close-knit Commonwealth is far tougher than when Joe Chamberlain first envisaged it. Britain no longer has the financial supremacy which used to ensure that trade followed the flag and automatically created a privileged (though not a closed) trading area. Today financial aid must be reinforced by deliberate planning, with what Mr. Bandaranaike has called "the conscious stimulation of common interests." Some of these must, of necessity, be economic—trading agreements (such as the cocoa-price insurance scheme for which Ghana is now asking) or preferential rates of interest for some, at least, of the colonial loans. But equally important will be the bond of ideas. For, in the last generation, the politics of colonialism have far outstripped its economics. Colonial territories will no longer accept a system which is based on the exploitation of their extractive industries and the export of profits on the present scale. Moreover, they have the power (and those who have not, very soon will have) to walk freely out of any association which does not seem to them to further their own needs. That is what political independence has achieved; and that is why a political idea must be the key to an economic solution. The idea of a co-operative Commonwealth can be sold to the countries of the Commonwealth precisely because it is based on the concept of equal status; a neo-imperialism, based only on the enlightened self-interest of Britain, could not.

BARBARA CASTLE

* *Labour's Colonial Policy . . . Economic Aid;* Labour Party; 9d.

The Biological Effects of Bomb Tests

A definition by Prof. C. H. Waddington, F.R.S., of what is known and what is conjectural

THE editor has asked me to write, in as simple and short a form as possible, an account of what is, and what is not, known about the biological effects which may be expected to be caused by the testing of nuclear bombs. The subject ramifies into so many fields that no one person is fully competent in all of them. I am a geneticist; but in the other aspects of the problem I am scarcely more knowledgeable than an interested layman, and my task will be to try to summarise what the recognised authorities have written. We shall be dealing with the unknown and with the more or less known; only in a few aspects of the matter are there adequate grounds to assert that, with reasonable assurance, we *know* so-and-so. I will try as far as possible to indicate what seem to me to be the generally accepted degrees of confidence which can be placed in the various statements.

The explosion of nuclear weapons releases into the atmosphere a large number of newly created radioactive particles. A considerable fraction of these go up to high altitudes and eventually become distributed over the whole world. They take some time to sink down to levels at which they can affect man, and during this time their radioactivity is gradually disappearing: different substances lose their activity at different rates.

To speak of a substance as "radioactive" means that it is producing so-called "ionising radiations," and these are damaging to living things. There are three kinds of damage which it is important to distinguish in the present context.

(1) Such radiations increase the frequency with which hereditary changes occur; the magnitude of the increase is dependent on the total quantity of radiation present, and the effects of the changes will appear in later generations.

(2) Such radiations may cause damage to the animals actually exposed, for instance, by producing cancer (particularly the blood cancer leukæmia) and perhaps a general shortening of life; again it is the general level of radiation which determines the severity of the effects.

(3) Certain particular substances are produced which have individual characteristic effects. The most important of these is radio-strontium, or strontium-90, which tends to become accumulated in bone and to provoke the appearance of bone cancer. The magnitude of this effect is controlled not by the level of general radiation but by the amount of strontium-90.

In connection with effects of the first two kinds, which are dependent on the level of general ionising radiation, one can make one short point which some people may be willing to accept as covering all they need to know. Careful measurements have shown that the additional radiation which has been produced over the world as a whole by the test explosions which have been made so far is only a small fraction of the amount of similar radiation which occurs naturally and inescapably. If the tests continue at or only slightly above the present rate, the additional general radiation will remain small even in comparison with the variation in natural radiation from place to place caused by the nature of the rocks or the altitude above sea-level. As far as the production of hereditary changes is concerned, the addition due to test explosions is small when compared with the effect of having children at an older rather than a younger age; at present it corresponds to a difference of reproductive age of a few months. Further, it is quite small (a few per cent.) in comparison with the amount of additional radiation given to the human population by various other technical devices, of which the most important is the use of X-rays for medical diagnosis.

The fact that the test explosions cause damage of the first two kinds mentioned, which adds only a small fraction to the ills which man is naturally heir to, does not seem to some people an adequate reason for neglecting their ill effects. Moreover, the arguments above do not apply to the third kind of damage, that due to the special properties of particular radioactive products such as strontium-90. If one is not satisfied with this short answer, it is necessary to go into the whole matter in more detail.

The health of a human individual is determined by the interaction between the environmental stresses he encounters and the hereditary determinants, or genes, which he receives from

his parents and which endow him with his basic potentialities. In man, as in other organisms, a gene may suddenly change in character, or "mutate." Under natural conditions all genes mutate spontaneously, each with a characteristic frequency. For any particular gene, the frequency is usually quite low (say one in 100,000 generations or more). But every individual contains many genes (probably some tens of thousands), so the occurrence of mutation in some gene or other is quite a common event. In all organisms which have been investigated, the new forms of genes which arise by mutation are, at least when they produce striking effects on development, almost always harmful.

The Genetic Effects

It is sometimes pointed out that all evolution, including the "progressive" changes which have made possible the appearance of man, must be based on mutation, from which it follows that the results of mutation are sometimes valuable. This is true, but we know that the useful results are an extremely minute fraction of the total. We have also extremely strong theoretical grounds for thinking that the rate of mutation is hardly ever a limiting factor in evolution, which depends much more on the processes by which genes become spread throughout populations than on their mere appearance in an isolated individual. An increase in the mutation rate can only lead to evolutionary advances if one is prepared to put up with the death or other elimination of the great number of harmful new mutations in order to take advantage of the very few useful ones. One may say with considerable confidence that we *know* that an increase in the human mutation rate could bring advances in human evolution, if at all, only at a cost which is totally out of the question for any humane society to contemplate.

The explosion of a nuclear weapon releases radiations which can affect the mutation rate. In all living organisms which have been adequately studied, these radiations cause the mutation rate to increase. There is, perhaps, no watertight evidence which actually demonstrates that the same is true in man, but the technical difficulties of detecting the effect in human material are so great that we can confidently hold them responsible for this lack in our evidence. The uniformity of the phenomenon in all the other living things studied is so clear-cut that we are justified in saying that, to all intents and purposes, we *know* that an increase in ionising radiation will cause an increase in the mutation rate of human genes.

It is important to realise exactly what this means. The consequence of a rise in the quantity of ionising radiation is an increase in the frequency with which individual genes, scattered amongst the people in a large population, change from their original form into some other form. It does not mean that all the genes of a certain kind (of which each individual carries two) change simultaneously. Nor does it necessarily imply that those genes which do mutate suffer larger or more drastic changes than usual; nor, again, that some genes mutate under radiation which never mutate spontaneously. The two last points are, in fact, matters on which we have experimental evidence in laboratory animals. So far, there is no evidence that artificial irradiation produces changes of a kind which are not found under natural circumstances.

In a letter published in the NEW STATESMAN of May 18, Professor Harland drew attention to the possibility of the induction of mutations in disease germs, and in genes which, he suggests, normally act as brakes to hold down the mutation rate. His letter may have misled the unwary, in that he did not indicate that mutations of these kinds will be going on all the time in normal circumstances. The reason they have little practical effect is that the newly arisen types of gene die out before they affect many individuals. Artificial radiation (which reaches disease germs much more from medical and industrial X-rays than from bomb-tests) will increase the frequency with which such mutants appear, but will not affect their chances of becoming established.

A problem of the utmost importance is the relation between the quantity of ionising radiation and the degree by which the mutation rate is increased. We *know* that in laboratory animals which have been given from moderately small to quite large doses of radiation, the frequency of the most important type of hereditary change increases in strict proportionality to the dose. It is very important to know whether the rule of simple proportionality holds down to the very low doses of radiation which could arise from bomb-testing. The evidence from laboratory animals is against there being any definite threshold, in the sense that doses of radiation less than it are quite ineffective. On the other hand, there is little evidence that low doses are more effective than simple proportionality would lead one to expect. One can say that we *know* it would be unsafe to rely on there being a threshold below which radiation would not affect the mutation rate of human genes, and that the evidence from laboratory animals suggests that if we take the increase in rate to be strictly proportional to the increase of radiation we shall not be far out.

The Radiation Dose

If the amount of radiation is increased by some definite amount, say 30 of the "r-units" in which it is usually measured, will the mutation rate be increased by only 10 per cent., or will it be doubled, or what? We have almost no direct experimental information about the sensitivity of human genes, and we have to rely almost entirely on arguments from work with laboratory animals. The only point on which these arguments are really strong is the conclusion that the dose of radiation which doubles the mutation rate in man can hardly be less than the naturally occurring amount of radiation, which is about three r-units per generation of 30 years. There are rather less strong, but still weighty, reasons for thinking it is not less than 15 r-units; and both the British and American expert committees thought the most likely value is somewhere between 30 and 80 r., i.e., ten times the natural radiation, or more.

The Medical Research Council committee calculated that if the firing of test bombs went on indefinitely at the rate obtaining up to the end of 1955, the increase of general radiation would never rise much above 1 per cent. The American committee gave figures which indicate that the value for the U.S. may be two to four times as large as this, and pointed out that owing to the uncertainties in the measurement of these exceedingly small quantities, the true value may even be somewhat higher still. Making all possible allowances on the side of pessimism, it seems very difficult to push the estimate up above a tenth of the natural radiation, though there is perhaps a remote chance that in some areas it might go up as high as a quarter of the average natural radiation. There are, however, several factors involved which are difficult to evaluate and not fully understood. For instance, the amount of extra radiation received by human beings is influenced by the rainfall, which both brings the radioactive dust down from high altitudes and also washes it away into the soil, and by the degree of protection provided by houses, the proportion of time spent out of doors, and so on.

An Estimate of Damage

The estimates just given are in terms of a comparison with natural conditions. Any attempt to translate them into figures of the number of people damaged involves very great uncertainties. A very rough idea might be derived as follows. The M.R.C. committee argued that the damage following a doubling of the mutation rate for one generation would not "exceed by more than a few times the contribution made by the increase in mental disease"; and it calculated that a doubling for one generation would, in the British population of about 20 million births per generation, produce about 1,900 new cases of severe mental illness. They considered that the radiation dose required to double the mutation rate is at least five and probably ten times the natural radiation. Combining the most pessimistic estimate of the bomb-test radiation given above with the lowest of these doubling doses, the present contamination may be producing up to 95 new cases of mental disease per generation of 30 years, or say five times as many severe disabilities of all kinds. This is an upper limit for Great Britain alone; the "most probable" estimates would divide the final total by five. But if the tests continue for more than one generation, the frequency of damage in later generations will increase.

It must be emphasised that there are far too many uncertainties in these figures for them to be taken very seriously. The only point in giving them is to show that, at present, we are dealing with numbers of individuals which are relatively small when compared with the population as a whole, but which, absolutely, are probably large enough to be noticed if they were involved together in a mine or train accident.

The damage which radiations cause, not to the hereditary constitution of future generations but to the individuals actually exposed to it, falls, as was said above, into two categories: the effects of general radiation intensity, and the effects of particular radioactive substances. We *know* that relatively high levels of radiation tend to provoke the appearance of cancer of various kinds, particularly of the blood cancer known as leukæmia. There is fairly good, though perhaps not yet quite conclusive, evidence that it may cause a shortening of the life span. These effects are brought about by general radiation, and one can apply to them the same considerations about the overall increase in radiation as were made above in connection with genetic effects; that is, that the increase due to test explosions is only a small fraction of the natural radiation. There is a further point of importance in connection with effects in this category. Is there a threshold such that radiation doses below it are quite ineffective? The evidence is very scanty and conflicting, but probably favours the view that there is no threshold for the induction of cancer, but there probably is one for the shortening of life.

The most important substance which needs consideration in this category is strontium-90. We *know* that it tends to be accumulated in the bones of animals and men. In animals it tends to cause bone cancer, and it must be assumed also to do so in man. Its effectiveness in doing so is very little understood. We have to depend largely on comparisons with the effect of radium; and from experience with this the International Commission on Radiological Protection fixed an agreed "maximum permissible dose" for industrial workers. This was set at a level which is reckoned

to give, for a lifetime exposure, a one in two-hundred chance of developing bone cancer. From animal experiments, it is deduced that strontium-90 is only one-tenth as dangerous as radium, and a "maximum permissible dose" is fixed accordingly. This is usually quoted as 1000 S.U. (strontium-units or "sunshine-units"). The arguments by which this limit was arrived at contain many uncertainties (Cf. J. F. Loutit, *Brit. Med. Journ.* April 20, 1957).

This upper limit was set with reference to adult workers. We do *not* know just what should be the equivalent limit for a population which includes children. We *know* that strontium has a greater tendency to settle in their bones, and we think that they are probably more sensitive to the damage it causes. It is usual to allow a factor of ten for these considerations, and to compare strontium-90 levels with a "tolerance limit" set at 100 S.U.

Another basis of comparison is provided by the natural radioactivity of bone, due to substances such as radium, which are inescapably present. If strontium-90 were evenly distributed throughout bone, a dose of 45 S.U. would be equivalent to the natural radioactivity. But it has been suggested that, if it does not become evenly distributed (though Loutit believes that it does), a more cautious estimate is that nine S.U. would, owing to its concentration in the rapidly growing regions, have the same effect as the natural radiation (Cf. F. W. Spiers, *British Journ. Radiology*, 1956, Vol. 29, p. 409).

The very important question then arises again. Is there a threshold below which strontium-90 has no effect? Some people suggest that general theoretical arguments are in favour of there being a threshold, but we have far less factual information relevant to this case than we have in connection with the possible thresholds for the induction of mutation or of leukæmia. There is almost certainly no threshold for genetic effects, and we concluded above that it is unsafe to rely on there being a threshold for the general induction of cancer; the grounds for a similar conclusion in regard to strontium-90 are weaker, but we still have to take this into account as a strong possibility.

Absorbing Strontium-90

Turning to the question of how much strontium-90 has already affected mankind, or will do so in the future, we are again confronted with a confused situation about which little is known. Actual measurements in human bones show that so far the concentrations are small (a few tenths of one S.U.). But they are increasing. And we know that much of the strontium-90 produced by past explosions is still in the upper atmosphere and will only gradually settle to earth. The calculations about how fast it will settle, and how much of it will eventually be taken up into human bones, are extremely complicated, since a large number of factors are involved. On the whole, strontium is absorbed by living things in a manner similar to calcium; but plants tend to discriminate against strontium, taking up proportionately more calcium; and so do the animals which eat the plants. Man gets most of his strontium from eating the animals and plants, and there is room for a great deal of imprecision in working out how much of the strontium deposited on soil he will eventually absorb. Moreover, this will depend on the amount of calcium present in the soils where his food is grown.

Taking all these factors into consideration, the authorities who are specialising in this subject are already issuing warnings that the two standards of comparison, the natural radiation and tolerance limit, are by no means out of sight. Libby in America, and a committee of the Atomic Scientists Association here, have both calculated that by 1970 the amount of strontium-90 in the average human body, arising from tests done before this year, will have risen from the few tenths S.U. that it is now to about 4 S.U. This is about 45 per cent of the dose corresponding to the natural radiation (allowing for the unequal distribution of the substance in bone); but it is still only a few per cent of the tolerance limit. If the tests go on at the present rate, the concentration in human bone will not rise indefinitely because a balance will be set up between the rate at which strontium falls to earth and the rate at which it disintegrates owing to its radioactivity. Libby calculates that when this balance is reached (we should be getting near it by the end of the century) the average concentration in human bone might be as much as 20 S.U. Even this is only a fifth of the tolerance limit; but there are snags. The estimate may be on the low side. Again, in populations whose food is poor in calcium the concentration might be considerably higher, perhaps five times as great—which would bring them right to the tolerance limit. Some individuals, moreover, seem to accumulate much more strontium than the average; and so do children. There are certainly considerable elements of doubt in these calculations, but they are, I think, the best that can be offered at the present time.

Once again, one can approach the subject from a different angle and attempt, not a comparison with natural risks, but an estimate of the actual number of individuals who will suffer damage. Such an estimate can be made only if one adopts some assumption about the existence or non-existence of a threshold below which strontium-90 is ineffective. As we saw, we do *not know* the answer to this. The most pessimistic answer which still remains plausible is that there is no threshold, but that the effects of very low doses are in strict proportion to those of higher ones.

The committee of the Atomic Scientists Association have calculated that, *if one adopts this assumption* (and a number of other estimates of rates of settling to earth, of being washed away by rain, of being absorbed by plants or animals and so on) one might expect each H-bomb of the type

"My bomb is cleaner than yours."

used at Bikini to produce, over a period of several decades, about one bone cancer per 125,000 people; the total which the bombs tested up till now could be responsible for, on these assumptions, is about 50,000 in the world as a whole. Uncertain though the figures are, this gives a rough idea of what may be happening, on the most pessimistic assumptions. (The number of bone cancers which would occur from natural causes during this period is not known, but is certainly very much larger.)

A Personal Assessment

Having done my best to summarise as objectively as possible the extent of our knowledge and our ignorance about these subjects, I should like to beg the reader's indulgence to add a few words about the moral problems which arise. I must emphasise that what I shall say makes no claim to carry any of the special weight which should belong to a statement by a responsible scientist about a scientific problem. What follows is simply the opinion of one person no more qualified in this connection than the majority of his fellows.

There are two extreme viewpoints which we may adopt towards the moral problems of the damage caused by bomb-testing; or we may mix these in various proportions. At one extreme, we may simply compare the amount of damage caused with the comparable natural ills which arise from the conditions of the human environment which man cannot escape. At the other extreme, we may take the absolutist view, that no infliction of avoidable death or damage is justifiable.

The absolutist criterion makes a great immediate appeal. But my personal opinion is that the highest praise I can give it is to call it well-meaning. I am prepared to respect honest pacifism, which holds that the deliberate taking of human life is unacceptable, even in war. And I can respect a demand for the cessation of bomb-tests on the pacifist grounds that they are preparations for war. But the criterion I am speaking of goes beyond this in refusing to countenance a practice because it can be shown to be followed by a rise in the statistical indices which record the incidence of various misfortunes. I should, of course, admit that any such practice is to be deplored, and that one would wish to reduce it; but I do not feel that it is so deplorable that it must in all circumstances be stopped. Very many practices of our daily life, which have as yet no moral stigma, or only a very slight one, attached to them, have actually statistical consequences of a harmful kind; for instance, indulging in motor-car travel, meeting people when suffering from a cold, failing to wash one's hands, and so on. My guess is that it would be impossible to live any form of civilised life without being statistically implicated in the death of other human beings.

In my opinion, then, it is not even sensible to try to be absolutist on such matters. One must try to balance the value of some course of action against its cost, measuring both in terms of some yardstick which one must seek in the natural circumstances of the situation. Approaching the bomb-tests from this angle, my personal view is that the biological cost of them is not large; but I do not think that any country in the world can get from them in the future anything which is worth even that cost. I thought before the Christmas Island explosions that this country would have gained more by calling off the tests, and the case for calling a halt is now even stronger.

C. H. WADDINGTON

London Diary

In front of me is a letter from a man who says he is confined against his will in a mental hospital because he is an agnostic. An agnostic myself, I am naturally sympathetic, but not convinced. A long series of similar complaints (some of which, when more persuasively stated, I have followed up) have convinced me, not that cases of sane people being kept in confinement never nowadays occur, but that they are infrequent. Investigation has its difficulties because the evidence of mental patients is even less reliable than that of other people. But there are reasons for thinking that the kind of story which H. G. Wells told in *Christina Alberta's Father* is unlikely today. The reasons are that many people, not forgetting the Council for Civil Liberties, are on the watch; that more and more doors in mental hospitals are left unlocked; and that an increasing proportion of certified patients are being successfully treated and discharged from hospitals, which the authorities as well as the patients find embarrassingly overcrowded. The Report of the Royal Commission on Mental Illness which has just been published is an enlightened document; a genuine victory for the Civilisers over the Primatives. They divide mental defectives who, under supervision, can live self-respecting lives and often earn their keep, from psychopaths—a word that covers a great variety of mental illness—who can sometimes be medically treated. Idiots and imbeciles still present an insoluble problem. The Report's revolutionary proposal is to abolish "certification," including the antiquated necessity for the signature of a J.P., who is supposed to be a legal safeguard and is usually nothing of the sort. They substitute a medical recommendation for compulsory treatment as a way of dealing with violent or recalcitrant patients. These present the very devil of a problem. I am looking forward to comments that will be made on the Report's proposals in this journal next week by Kenneth Robinson, M.P., who writes with much special experience as chairman of a mental health committee.

* * *

On TV, Krushchev was quite unruffled by the very pertinent questions thrown at him. Though some of his answers were unconvincing—especially his argument that the "Voice of America" was jammed "to prevent our people getting a wrong view of the American people"—on key points he seemed to believe what he said. He is certainly worried about the prospect of nuclear war; genuinely fears attack from the West, and is convinced that Communism will triumph anyway but preferably through "peaceful competition." He declared that he doesn't defend any Communist system "upheld by armed force", but believes that Communist regimes in eastern Europe are the popular servants of their people. Has the West really no positive reply? If we want proof that we also prefer nuclear stations to nuclear bombs, why do we not put K.'s offer of joint withdrawal in Europe to the test? Can the risks really be greater than those of allowing the present drift in Europe to continue?

* * *

I have just been reading the first number of *The New Reasoner*, the quarterly of "Socialist Humanism," which is being produced by John Saville and E. P. Thompson. When these two young men were about to be expelled from the C.P., I commented that it was no accident that the attempt to save the Marxist tradition was being made by two historians, one a specialist in Chartism and the other the biographer of William Morris. Now, in a journal which has more vitality than anything that Communists have produced since the Thirties, they say that they are trying to build a bridge between this tradition and those Socialists "who—in the era of Stalin's birthday and the Doctors' Plot—developed their thought altogether outside it." They certainly seem to have the energy for their formidable task: the first number shows what talent was locked up by the tortuous jargon of the C.P. and has now broken free of the Stalinist catechisms. Like the success of *Universities and Left Review*, the appearance of this new journal shows that the decline of the C.P. has made possible some new and much more lively thinking on the left of the official Labour movement.

* * *

The Queen Mother was in the chair, and Mr. T. S. Eliot was one of the three judges, at the finals of the reading competition organised by the National Library for the Blind last Saturday. Reading aloud, though everybody thinks he can do it, is in fact a very difficult art. Professional actors tend to project their personalities too much: "This is a beautiful poem, and this is *me* reading it!" Amateur readers have the more pardonable fault, often, of making the points of a passage a little too explicit, as if not quite sure that their audience is as quick on the uptake as themselves. The best of the blind readers on Saturday reached a very high amateur standard. As Mr. Eliot said, if one closed one's eyes one would not have realised that they were in any way handicapped; but in fact it was hard not to concentrate on childish hands moving hesitantly, older hands with masterly swiftness, over the braille. The whole afternoon made one at once count one's blessings and feel grateful for goodness, like that of all those who help the handicapped, in a bad world. The Queen Mother, whose every word and gesture expressed a spontaneous warm-heartedness, would have passed Tom Driberg's most stringent tests for royal deportment. Eliot was in dry, crackling form. Many poets, he said, read poetry badly; but they never read their own poetry quite so badly as that of other people.

* * *

I must recall a humiliating incident. One day about three years ago I arrived in Peking from Toyko. I had heard much talk in Japan about the absurd American attempt to force them and everyone else into a trade embargo with China. When I learned that the Chinese were sending a trade delegation to Japan, I wanted to know what commodities they had been negotiating about. I mentioned this to the Chinese Foreign Office, who immediately arranged an appointment with the Board of Trade. I arrived with my interpreter, expecting a quarter of an hour with an official. We were received by the Minister himself, accompanied by three or four top experts, a secretary, and another interpreter. We sat round, with cups of tea in front of us, frequently replenished. After ceremonial introductions I thanked the Minister for receiving me, explained that I understood that the embargo limited their trade with Japan, but that since this could not be at once removed, I would like to know what they hoped the trade mission to Tokyo could accomplish. The Minister smiled and read a statement which, with translation, lasted an hour. It explained how the embargo restricted trade, and how essential it was that it should be removed. I listened, I thought with exemplary patience, again thanked the Minister, and said that I agreed with what he had said, but hoped he would now be able to answer

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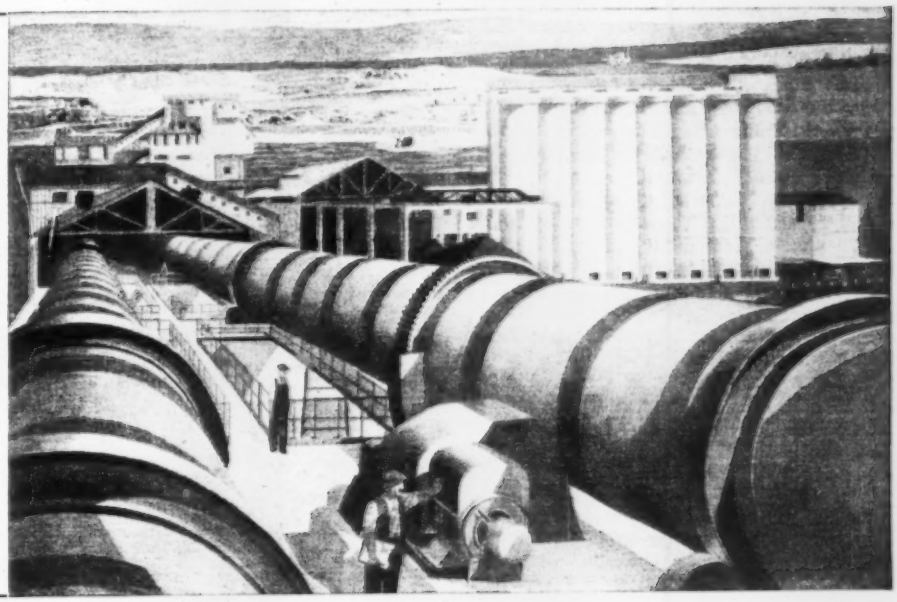

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my question. He replied again at considerable length by explaining the importance of removing the embargo. I thanked him again, and said that perhaps I had been wrong in asking my question on the eve of the mission's departure; perhaps its detailed objects were confidential. He replied that he would answer any question that I would like to ask. I said my only question was what improvement was possible in Sino-Japanese trade while the embargo was still in force. He replied again at some length that the embargo must be removed. I said that I must assume that my question was indiscreet and that perhaps in that case I should withdraw. "Do you mean," said the Minister, with much concern, "that the interview is at and end?" I said that if it was not possible for him to answer my question I had no more to say except that I agreed with him about the importance of removing the embargo. We all got up in some embarrassment, and I left, clumsily expressing my thanks and failing to shake hands with each one of the experts whose time I was ashamed of wasting. I realised that I had caused offence; that I had shown, as I was told afterwards, impatience; that, in fact, I had behaved as a boorish Englishman is expected to behave in the courteous East. Looking back I believe that, if I had had a little more patience, my question would have been answered in great detail by the officials present when the Minister had finished making it doubly, trebly, sure that I had really appreciated the wickedness of the embargo.

* * *

For years, the West Indians have been teaching us to play cricket, not so much by their skill as by their obvious delight in the game. On the field, the grins of their players seldom fade, even towards the end of the longest day; and round the ring, the eyes of West Indian spectators still match the brightness of their clothes, even when their side is losing. This has helped to develop in England a mood of affectionate tolerance towards West Indians, but it has not hitherto produced the instinctive sense of racial equality which excludes patronage. But now I have hopes. I watched a part of England's disastrous first innings on television with a friend who has spent much of his life fighting passionately for the rights of coloured peoples. When at one stage I heard him openly pray that Ramadhin might break a leg, I felt that racial discrimination was really on the way out.

CRITIC

In Contempt

WHEN you look into the history of contempt of court, you find that John Wilkes has even more to answer for than the *North Briton*, Number 45 of which got him outlawed. Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's behaviour at the trial in 1765 had inspired John Almon, a pamphleteer-bookseller, to publish an attack on his lordship that might have earned him a sharp prison sentence at any time: but it came out while Wilkes's appeal was pending. Almon came before Mr. Justice Wilmot on a charge of publishing a defamatory libel about a judge, found that he was to be tried without a jury, and raised strenuous objection. Wilmot, J., then wrote a 22-page judgment to explain why there was to be no jury, but although this is of a length and speciousness that suggest much uneasiness in the mind of its author, it was never delivered in court because the case against Almon was suddenly dropped owing to an elementary but fatal defect in the pleadings.

That undelivered judgment never saw the light of day until Mr. Justice Wilmot's private papers were edited and published by his son in 1802; but it then established in respect of "contempt of of court," as firmly as the *Hicklin* judgment was to do later in respect of obscene libel, that "intent" was not a relevant consideration. Therefore, said Wilmot, it could not be tried by juries. He even went so far as to say that this was better for the defendant: "On attachment, the party can acquit himself by his own oath, whereas a jury may convict him on false evidence."

> The power which the courts have of vindicating their own authority [he went on] is cœval with their first foundation and institution: it is a necessary incident to every court of justice to fine and imprison for a contempt of court. . . . [It] stands upon the very same foundation and basis as trial by juries—immemorial usage and practice.

Or, what they did last time. And yet he may well have known that as long before as 1631, a disgusted litigant who had hurled a brick at the judge *was* allowed a jury at his subsequent trial for contempt—possibly because the brick hit the back of the court instead of the judge.

It is, in any event, clear enough that the recent proceedings against *The People*, W. H. Smith & Son, and others for publishing comment on *sub judice* matters were not only needlessly arbitrary, but oppressive in the extreme. It is the outstanding effect of summary trial before a High Court judge by "writ of attachment" that it deprives the defendant of the right to trial by jury, of all right of appeal, however severe the sentence, and of all right to *habeas corpus*. There is neither need nor justification for this course, and the choice of it suggests an official fear of the jury system that is like a glimpse of England under the Stuarts. For the offence is triable on normal indictment. Archbold's *Criminal Pleadings*, to quote merely one authority, says that

> It is a misdemeanour punishable on indictment to publish, either verbally or by writing, comments whether defamatory or not . . . relating to pending cases, which are calculated to prejudice the fair trial of those cases, and so interfere with the course of justice;

and it classifies the offence as "attempting to pervert the course of justice." Many newspaper editors have been thus prosecuted. They have all had juries, and they have all had a right of appeal which has been statutory since 1907 and has included access to the House of Lords.

The present evil could thus be cured by a single-clause parliamentary bill abolishing the summary procedure in cases of contempt "out of court," i.e., instances of prejudicial comment on cases not yet tried. They would then be triable only by judge and jury. If it be objected that the procedure must be swift, that there might be no time, for example, to await the next Old Bailey session, the answer is that a criminal trial by jury can take place in the Queen's Bench with no more delay than in the "writ of attachment" procedure.

The feeling of parliament itself moved slowly in this direction during the great reformative years of the 19th century, while the judges were making most of their historical discoveries about what the Common Law really was. In 1810, a select committee—composed entirely of lawyers—had said that "the courts have inherent in them the summary power of punishing such contempts by commitment of the offenders without the intervention of a jury." It was founded, they said, "on the clearest principles of expediency and right, is proved by immemorial usage, grew up with our constitution, and" (believe it or not) "is one of the most important safeguards of the rights and liberties of the people." By 1883, in the House of Lords, learned members were agreeing with Lord Fitzgerald that the procedure in contempt cases was "exceedingly objectionable . . . the judge being at once judge of the law, of the facts, of the intention, and of the sentence, and his de-

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

"If only"—she said with genuine feeling—"if only the workers—my husband's industrial friends—would behave like sensible civilised human beings."—Lady Gammans' election speech reported in *Evening Standard*. (V. Paul.)

Thirty-two-year-old Mrs. Kinnersley alleged her husband was a Communist and frightened her by threatening to send her to Siberia when he became Commissar of Deptford.—*Daily Mail*. (J. J. Carpenter.)

Wearing a clinical white coat and a radiant suntan, he was introduced by Mrs. Mabel Lambros, organiser of the meeting, as a "man who truly walks with God, who at the same time is thoroughly normal."—*Maidenhead Advertiser*. (J. E. Palme.)

Alderman Cullington said he went to the Gallery when about seven years old, and had "never got over the shock of seeing a woman in the nude."—*Hackney Gazette*. (D. Romney.)

The Ballad of Egdon Heath

(On a Bill to extinguish the ancient grazing rights on Hardy's "Egdon Heath," in order to make it safe for nuclear reactors.)

Before the Caesars crossed the sea, when togas were the mode,
The Ancient British farmer wore the Ancient British woad;
With kin and kine on Egdon Heath, a chariot and a nag,
He recked not that the Romans came to found the Min. of Ag.
A *veni* way, a *vidi* way, a *vici* way they went
To chase the cows from Egdon Heath by Act of Parliament.

The Picts arrived, with Walter Scott and Frazer's *Golden Bough*
And Calvinistic cattle thieves who killed the Sacred Cow;
The Saxons brought their wapentake and wapentook a plot,
The Danes acquired a Hamlet and the Normans bagged the lot;
But still some ancient cows remained, to whisk their Wessex Tails,
While (Jonah-wise) the Britons went to God by way of Wales.

The Men of Harlech sang a song of brave, defeated hopes—
The Men of Harwell took the place for growing isotopes;
They drove the cows from Egdon Heath and what the cows replied
Was "Kiss me, Hardy" as the last of Ancient Britain died;
But there are strange things to be seen in many a secret file
Before the strontium returns by way of Christmas Isle

REGINALD REYNOLDS

"Some people still persist in taking a gloomy view of Great Britain's future—*I don't*"

Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater
Chairman, The Bowater Paper Corporation Limited

Extending a welcome to a record number of 2,400 shareholders from home and overseas, Sir Eric Vansittart Bowater (Chairman of the Corporation) said he hoped that the visit to Northfleet, Kent, would enable shareholders to realise something of the present-day magnitude of the Bowater Organisation and perhaps engender an even greater pride of ownership than before.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

Sir Eric continued: All in all, 1956 was a satisfactory and gratifying year for Bowaters. Overall production and earnings were both at a higher level than at any previous time in our history; this is true even after eliminating the added production and profits of the Mersey Paper Company of Nova Scotia, Canada, which we acquired with effect from 30th April last year. In the middle of the year the sixth large paper machine to be installed at the mills of our Kemsley Division in the United Kingdom came into operation; in Tennessee the third paper machine to be installed in those mills came into operation at the close of the year.

Other important highlights included the consummation in March of the negotiations that brought into partnership two famous names in the world's paper industry; I refer, of course, to the Bowater-Scott Corporation, as the joint venture is known. Then, in June, your Corporation's interests in the corrugated container field were merged with those of the Eburite Group of companies and the name of the Eburite Company was changed to Bowater-Eburite Limited, in which associated company we have a very substantial and important holding.

In short, I believe you may agree with me if I say with some pride that 1956 will go down in our history as a year of success and achievement.

SUBSTANTIAL OVERSEAS EARNINGS

The consolidated revenues before depreciation and taxation amounted to just over £16m., of which some £4¼m. were earned by the United Kingdom companies and almost £12m. by our main overseas companies. Thus the aggregate earnings of the overseas companies represented more than 70 per cent. of our total consolidated revenues, and this lends emphasis to the ever-increasing importance of our overseas investments.

The total of Fixed Assets shown in the Consolidated Balance Sheet has increased by some £35m. to £117m. The amount expended during the year on Fixed Assets and on trade investments totalled some £39m., and considerable progress has been made with the various projects involved in our masterplan of development.

The new ocean dock at the Thames Division is all but completed and the new Transport Centre, Central Research and Development Laboratories, Development Engineering Centre and Water Tower are completed. The Bowater-Scott plant is now ready for operation. The new machine house of the Thames Division in which the fifth and sixth multi-purpose paper machines will be installed is now under way. The first of these machines is timed to come into operation in 1958.

On the Mersey Division site at Ellesmere Port the machine house for the fifth and sixth multi-purpose machines also nears completion, and the first of these machines is due to start up this summer. Also on the Mersey site the important extension to our Multiwall Sack plant nears completion, and the new Bowater-Eburite corrugated container plant there is due to come into operation in the next month or so.

Overseas we are expanding our paper conversion facilities in Australia, while in Canada the programme for the further speeding up and development of our mills at Corner Brook and at Mersey, Nova Scotia, makes steady progress. In the United States work has commenced on the installation of the fourth machine at the Tennessee mills, which machine is scheduled to start up at the end of 1958. Then, too, work has commenced on the new sulphate pulp mill we are constructing at Catawba in South Carolina.

The most important of our overseas interests is our very big investment in North America, which is vested in the Bowater Corporation of North America. Of outstanding importance was the purchase by the North American Corporation of the assets of the Mersey Paper Company of Nova Scotia. As a result of this transaction we have acquired one of the most efficient and well-managed newsprint mills in North America.

Another of the principal operating subsidiaries of the North American Corporation is Bowaters Southern Paper Corporation, Tennessee. When the fourth machine at the Tennessee mills comes into operation the annual productive capacity will have been raised to 435,000 tons of paper. By 1959 we shall be making in North America alone a million tons of newsprint a year—moreover, we expect to sell it; indeed it has already been sold under long-term contracts.

VAST DEMAND IN N. AMERICA

A study prepared for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association which looks forward to 1965 forecasts that the consumption of newsprint in the United States will then amount to over 8½ million tons, and that of Canada to 575,000 tons; overseas requirements to be drawn by other parts of the world will by then increase to 2,000,000 tons; so that the overall demand for newsprint from the North American industry will by 1965 amount to 11,175,000 tons. According to this report planned capacity of the North American newsprint industry will by 1960 amount only to some 9¾ million tons per annum.

Commenting on the recent offer made by the Corporation to acquire the Ordinary capital in Hunt Partners Limited in exchange, *inter alia*, for fully paid Ordinary Stock of the Corporation, Sir Eric said: If the offer made by the Corporation is accepted by the shareholders of Hunts, there will have been added to our Organisation one of the most efficient and modern units in the paper conversion field.

NO APOLOGY FOR NEWSPRINT PRICES

There is at the present time widespread comment—much of it, I fear, ill-informed—in relation to the whole matter of the cost of newspaper production in this country. It is not my belief that any British newspaper has—as some would have us believe—been put out of business or had to cease publication solely as the result of the cost of its newsprint from whatever source that newsprint may have been obtained.

I do not believe there to be any grounds for an apology in regard to the price of newsprint in the United Kingdom or North America, and for my part I do not propose to offer one. It is an old human instinct to look for a scapegoat to explain failure, and the persistent statement about newsprint being six times more expensive than before the war, and made without any qualification whatsoever, is one of them.

Despite all that has been said in Parliament and elsewhere about the high cost of British newsprint to the British Press, the fact is, and it seems to have been overlooked—or indeed ignored—that when all the many relevant factors are taken into account the effective delivered cost of British newsprint to the consumer remains lower than the cost of newsprint imported from either Scandinavia or Canada.

Concluding his review, Sir Eric said: As you may well have gathered from our programme for the further development of our business in the United Kingdom and overseas, we have implicit confidence in the future of our industry and, therefore, of your Corporation. I know some people still persist in taking a gloomy view of Great Britain's future—I don't.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

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cision is without any power of review." "Its effect," said Lord Fitzgerald, "is to enforce silence on the part of the press, when the public interests require the fullest publicity and the closest criticism of what is going on." And in 1906 the House of Commons passed a resolution that "the jurisdiction of the judges in dealing with contempt of court is practically arbitrary and unlimited, and calls for the action of parliament with a view to its definition and limitation."

Even the judges of 50 years ago were some way ahead of present-day judicial thought. In 1912, a woman petitioner in a nullity suit (*Scott v. Scott*) which had been heard *in camera* disclosed to a select circle of friends what had taken place during the hearing. Contempt proceedings followed, and the case reached the House of Lords, which quashed the woman's sentence and upheld a dissenting judgment that had been given by Lord Justice Fletcher-Moulton in the Court of Appeal:

> The courts are the guardians of the liberties of the public and should be the bulwark against all encroachments on those liberties from whatsoever side they may come. . . . They must be doubly vigilant against encroachments by the courts themselves. . . . Most people feel that the unrestricted publication in newspapers of what passes at the hearing of certain types of cases is a great evil, and many proposals have been made for regulating it. But all agree that this must be done by the legislature. The judges are not the tribunal to decide on the proper limitations of public rights.

The Court of Appeal had decided, moreover, that they could not entertain the woman's appeal against her sentence for "contempt" because it was a criminal matter; and the Court of Criminal Appeal (then only five years old) could not entertain it because she had not been convicted by a jury. "In juggles of that kind," said Lord Shaw of Dunfermline during the House of Lords hearing, "the rights of the citizen are lost."

And the position has never changed. This is still a matter for parliament. If it seeks a specific reason to legislate at long last—I suggest a single-clause bill to abolish summary committal for contempt—it need look no further than the fatuity of a legal impasse which is depriving us of foreign newspapers while it is powerless to prevent foreign radio stations telling us whatever they think we should like to hear.

C. H. Rolph

Brown's Republic Again

Would anybody like to join a new republic? Just the name and address, please. Don't mention why you are writing—Security may have its eye on us—and *send no money*. By the way, this republic will have to be called Brown's. If you find this a bit much, then don't write. If you can't take Brown's, then Brown's can't take you. Besides, we in Brown's wouldn't want people who think some things are a bit much: we either accept things gladly or consider them a lot much.

But let me explain why it has to be called Brown's. Many years ago I dreamt that there was a new country, somewhere a long way off, in South America or Central Asia, that was known as Brown's Republic. I never knew who this particular Brown was; certainly he was not one of the many Browns with whom I was acquainted. What I did know in my dream was that it was a fine free-and-easy country and that several of us, all golden lads and girls, had decided to settle there. The dream did not vanish in daylight, as they do all too often, but lingered long enough for me to write a piece about it, a piece that was printed as a "middle" and later found its way into a book of such things, though I'll be hanged if I can find it now. And years after I had forgotten what I had written in this piece, or indeed where it was to be found, the idea of Brown's Republic, the one sensible country, haunted me. Thus I talked about it to a friend in New York, Gus Goetz the playwright, and now I never meet Gus without his saying something—and a pretty wistful something too—about Brown's Republic. And I tell you this, friends, that if we find we must appoint a Consul-General for New York, I have the right man lined up for the job.

Now this is what has happened about Brown's. I realise that it is useless waiting for Brown (whoever he is) to create his republic somewhere at the other side of the world. This is dream stuff, ivory-tower work. Brown is lost to us somewhere along the sixth dimension. His time and ours have not coincided. I was aware of all this, somewhere at the back of my mind, the other week, when the newspapers in the morning seemed sillier than ever, and on the telly in the evenings Messrs. Dimbleby and Philips were behaving like the scribes of Rameses the Second; yet I kept crying "Oh—for Brown's Republic!" Then I saw—it came in a flash—what would have to be done, if only to keep in one's right mind. *Brown's Republic would have to be created here.*

Tricky? I agree. Therefore, of course, all very hush-hush. No parades and rallies in Trafalgar Square (thank God!); no representative platforms and those jolly rousing appeals for money in the Central Hall; not even something earnest, dignified, at the Caxton or the Friends' Meeting House, nor a cocktail party or two. Just a quiet word here and there; an apparently casual encounter at drink time; a few dinner parties; a veiled hint or two in one paper, a mysterious paragraph in another; a few strange cartoons, esoteric and symbolic, by David Low and Vicky; and without waving a flag, playing an anthem, employing a single policeman to push back the crowd, we will quietly build Brown's Republic in England's partly green and not always pleasant land.

Lovers of elaborate ceremonial, and all those who smile through their tears at the thought of Black Rod being exactly 15 feet behind Gold Stick, can take warning that there is not much for them in Brown's. Not that we shall have no public ceremonies of any sort. For example, about twice a year the President, wearing his old blue corduroy trousers, tweed jacket patched with leather, and cloth cap, will take away honours and remove decorations. This enables new citizens, who feel foolish encumbered by titles, crosses and ribbons, to begin meeting older Brown's men on more or less equal terms. Even in the England of 1957, now trying to get back to Barsetshire as fast as it can, there might be a few repentant souls, anxious to disestablish themselves and join us as men and brothers.

We shall, of course, be entirely lacking in sound Establishment types. This means we shall have to make do with what we have got. Probably things won't run smoothly, not without the right kind of man, a first-class administrator and so on, in charge of them. But in Brown's Republic we don't worry very much about all this smooth running. We're people, not engines. If when we achieve some sort of national theatre and opera, and have to make do with theatrical and musical persons as governors of them, no doubt there will be trouble, but we think we might enjoy it. As for our broadcasting company, then, situated as we are, we are ready to go to fantastic lengths, even to begging somebody like Lionel Fielden to help us, in spite of the fact that he is a cultivated man who happens to understand broadcasting. We believe in taking a chance with some of these fellows, though, of course, it is true that we can hardly do otherwise, not having the retired admirals and solicitors to do the jobs. And if this means that our poets and dramatists, musicians and actors, employed in broadcasting, find themselves without the enthusiasm, understanding, inspiration, that elderly naval and legal men can give them, it simply cannot be helped; we can always tune in to the B.B.C.

One or two of our Brown's men—irresponsible fellows, as you can imagine—are already suggesting that when we have a few part-time jobs going at two or three thousand a year, we might risk nominating an *author* for one of them. They point out, truthfully enough, that some of the older countries—not those in the front rank, of course—have been doing this for years, and that no great harm seems to have come of it. There is talk too of imitating the British system of awarding Civil List pensions to distinguished elderly artists, but outdoing the British in generosity by raising the grants to as much as three, four or, in some very special cases, even five hundred a year. Can we afford it? The British will tell us that we can't, but they forget that in Brown's Republic we shall not be spending hundreds of millions just making big, dirty bangs.

But what about defence then? It is all very well talking about big dirty bangs, but are homes in Brown's Republic to be left undefended? According to Pilkinson, an early Brown's man who is ready to become our Defence Minister if we should need one, we can best defend our homes on an inexpensive, uncomplicated, short-term basis. His idea is that every man should have a gun, every woman a sharp knife and a bottle of poison, and that if soldiers from distant parts arrive to try to take our homes from us, hoping to enslave the men and rape the women, we should do our best to kill them—and serve them right too, for not staying where they belonged! But what if they do not land but simply drop bombs? Well, Pilkinson says he sees no reason why they should do this. What, he asks, is the point of it. Besides, these fellows are always told it is *their* homes they are defending, and clearly these are in no danger from us, armed as we would be entirely for close defence. Brown's Republic, Pilkinson says, will obviously threaten nobody who leaves it alone.

We propose not to have "relations" with other countries. There will be no Brown-American, no Franco-Brown, relations. We think countries get along much better when they are not having relations with each other. And not a single red cent (one of our smallest coins) will be spent on official propaganda. Brown's won't tell the world anything. Even if Dr. Charles Hill offered to come over to us, throwing in a few of his old wireless chats on constipation, we shouldn't want his services. Instead of wasting money on short-wave transmissions, chiefly for the benefit of people who have never seen a short-wave set, we shall reduce the price of drinks for tourists and encourage bars and restaurants to keep open until three in the morning. The kind of people who want every place bolted and barred at 11 o'clock, just because that is their bedtime, have no chance of becoming citizens of Brown's.

When we have a few ministers, any one of

them who imposes restrictions on us will be compelled to suffer their consequences himself. We shall have no Foreign Secretary dodging passport examinations: he will always have to go to the end of the queue. If we cannot see our friends off on liners, we shall make sure the Home Secretary cannot see anybody off anywhere, to see how he likes that. In Brown's Republic all will be I.P.s, but there will be no V.I.P.s. Any young man wanting to be a V.I.P. should remain a British subject, acquire a bowler and an umbrella, marry into some decent family, then take his initiative and wring its neck.

There will be heavy taxes on tea and cocoa, chocolate and toffee, cakes and pastries, but tobacco and booze will go scotfree, just for a change. The duty on private petrol will be murderous, so that it will cost a fortune to go roaring and honking about, making a nuisance of yourself. There will be direct taxation, collected at odd intervals, with the aid of shotguns, chiefly from types for ever on the make, owners of this and that, putters-up of prices. Good artists won't pay a penny; Brown's Republic will consider it a privilege to count them among its citizens. Scientists who want to drop still bigger bombs on the Pacific Ocean can go there at their own expense—and stay there. All citizens will be members both of the T.U.C. and the Employers' Association. The political parties will be known simply by their colours, in the style of Byzantium, so that nobody who is not colour-blind has to wonder what they represent. And that's enough for now. If you're interested, then—just the name and address, please—don't mention why you're writing—and send no money. Or if you must send money then make out the cheque to

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Fleet Street Notebook

THE problems of the *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle* continue to accumulate without any immediate solution in prospect as exploratory talks and financial examinations continue. Meanwhile the more intelligent of the other newspaper proprietors watch events with a mixture of expectation and anxiety. Expectation because of the prospect that there may shortly be a number of foot-loose readers to be garnered in; anxiety because if the general Fleet Street crisis should bring a serious reduction in the total number of daily, Sunday and provincial papers they are only too well aware that the powerful remaining few may find themselves under a good deal of questioning as to the nature and justification of the influence they are in a position to exercise.

For one of the present ruling powers of Fleet Street—Mr. Cecil King—this would be, on a smaller scale, no new experience. As a result of trying to put into practice those principles of Commonwealth co-operation of which Lord Beaverbrook writes and speaks at such length, without however actually doing very much about them, Mr. King and the *Mirror-Pictorial* newspaper empire he rules now find themselves holding a dominating and highly exposed position in at least two overseas communities, Nigeria and Ghana. This overseas expansion, which has from time to time aroused both controversy and apprehension and which has called for a good deal of highly skilled journalistic diplomacy and high wire gymnastics, began shortly after the close of the war. The group then bought for £45,000 a failing morning paper in Lagos, the *Daily Times*, with a circulation of only around 5,000 a day. It has spent about £300,000 in all in developing the property, raised the circulation to about 76,000 a day and brought it up to a profit figure of about £70,000 a year. A considerable achievement on any account. Much the same has been done in Ghana where a near derelict newspaper company owning the title of the *Daily Graphic* was bought up; and where, again, a dominating and highly prosperous circulation has been reached. Both papers have since given birth to equally successful Sunday papers. A third venture, in Freetown—the *Daily Mail*—has so far been less successful.

Both the *Daily Times* and *Daily Graphic* have won such popularity that at the present level of literacy they may both be said to have achieved as near saturation of their respective markets as makes no matter. No other newspapers even faintly approach them in circulation. They hold as dominating a position in their respective territories as *The Times* did in England in the first half of the 19th century. Nor is the comparison entirely frivolous. They have achieved their domination by qualities of news coverage, professionalism and independence.

The question remains, of course, whether this very desirable press advance in what were previously journalistically under-developed territories does not carry with it great dangers when the influence thus secured is vested in external hands. The potential political power possessed by these two papers is obviously enormous. It is not used, and Mr. King and his associates are sensible enough not to seek to use it. On the contrary, they lean over backwards not to do so, carefully avoiding any interference of any kind in internal party politics. Nor, it must be said—since this is a criticism sometimes voiced here by anxious, if not wholly informed, critics of the *Mirror's* imperial activities—have any of these papers sought to introduce the *Mirror-Pictorial* technique into Africa. They are *Mirror* size, because they are printed on former *Mirror* machines shipped out as replaced by more modern plant in London. But there the resemblance ends. There are a few strips, but no sex or sensation. They are all sober, responsible productions which compare in general make-up and news and feature interest with a good-quality small provincial evening or weekly paper here. Staffed as far as possible by domestic journalistic and printing staff, with a salting of professionally well-equipped British, they seem to me to do a plain, straightforward job with a commendable good sense and restraint which does not, fortunately, rule out a good deal of flair and *panache* on such occasions as they are called for. They obviously not only fill a "long-felt want," but have done a very good job in extending the interest and knowledge of the communities they serve—performing in their early days minor miracles of organisation in the building up of distribution services by truck, air or any other means to hand.

I should judge that Mr. Cecil King, who makes regular visits to see how they are getting on, has in a quiet way got more personal pleasure out of them than out of any of the massive triumphs of the *Mirror* or *Pictorial*. I think he deserves it. And I hope he will manage to go on avoiding the hazards which must manifestly be in wait for such enterprises at a time of rapidly developing national and political consciousness. I think, however, it would probably pay him in the long run to lend some of the professional and technical know-how he commands to his tiny rivals in order that his present exposed position may be made less vulnerable by the development of real competitors. It is dangerous to out-top everyone else too much.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

The Kingdom Revived

BY way of celebrating the Elgar centenary, the B.B.C. is performing his two Biblical oratorios in the wrong order—*The Kingdom* last week, *The Apostles* on June 12—which is rather as though one were to follow the *Oedipus Coloneus* with the *Oedipus Rex*. Still, we must not grumble too much, for opportunities of hearing either work are rare, and the performance of *The Kingdom* under Sir Adrian Boult revealed that beautiful but uneven work in the best possible light. I came away from the Festival Hall thinking better of the music than at any time since the Twenties, when, as an impressionable schoolboy, I twice heard the composer conduct this oratorio at Worcester, with Agnes Nicholls and John Coates in their original parts. I was then too inexperienced to realise how splendid a singer Agnes Nicholls was; but I remember the rapt eloquence and purity of tone with which she used to deliver the Virgin Mary's long soliloquy, "The sun goeth down." This is probably the finest section of the score, and the one thing in Elgar's music which, though purely meditative in tone, suggests that an operatic composer may have been buried somewhere deep in his nature. Heather Harper made a good deal of the soliloquy in the B.B.C. performance, at which the other capable soloists were Helen Watts, William Herbert and Gordon Clinton. The excellent choir was that of the Croydon Philharmonic Society, which knows its Elgar inside out; and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra played with the ardour which orchestral players invariably feel for Elgar, but also with a restraint and balance imposed by Sir Adrian's profound insight into the composer's personality.

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MODERN BRITISH: Hodgkins; David Jones; Lowry; Moore; Nicholson; Piper; Matthew Smith; Steer; Sutherland; Wood.

SCULPTORS' DRAWINGS: Arp; Despiau; Giacometti; Gonzales; Laurens; Lipchitz; Maillol; Modigliani; Rodin.

SALVADOR DALI: Christ of St. John of the Cross.

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In selecting and arranging Biblical texts to form the elaborate structures of the two oratorios, Elgar showed a remarkable sense of the picturesque and much literary skill; but all his ingenuity could not conceal their episodic design. The works are supposed to be held together musically by the use of a large number of leitmotives, more or less after the Wagnerian manner. There was nothing wrong with the scheme, in principle: leitmotives were then in fashion, just as twelve-note rows are now; their use might, or might not, impart unity to a composition. In practice, some episodes, the more human ones, drew from Elgar a flow of convincing and beautiful music in which the leitmotives are thoroughly assimilated; while at other points these motto themes are trotted out in a naive or mechanical manner. In her excellent monograph on Elgar, Miss Diana McVeagh quotes an unconsciously revealing letter from the composer to Jaeger, his great friend and advocate in the firm of Novello. Jaeger, it seems, had assented to the insertion, at an inconveniently late hour, of an alteration in the score of *The Apostles*, then being prepared for the press; and Elgar replied:

> You are a brick not to grumble at my correction: it's very important because I'd clean left out the "earthly kingdom" motive at the important temptation point . . .

—very much in the tone of a man who suddenly exclaims: "Oh, heavens, I forgot to pack the ham sandwiches."

Truly organic music is not composed by pulling a leitmotive out of a pigeon-hole and plastering it in "where required," any more than it is composed by doggedly making sure that we never abandon the correct order of the note-row. Elgar's letter to Jaeger confirms the acute diagnosis made long ago by Mr. Ernest Newman in analysing *The Apostles* for the small book which he contributed to John Lane's "Music of the Masters" series; Mr. Newman had pointed to the Introduction to Part II of *The Apostles* as an extreme instance of this essentially inorganic stringing together of disconnected leitmotives. I have sometimes wondered whether Elgar may even have taken note of Mr. Newman's strictures when writing *The Kingdom*, which is in general more expansive in style and less congested with motto themes than its predecessor. (The book seems to have come out just about the time when Elgar was starting serious work on *The Kingdom*.) It is rare for a composer not to resent criticism so outspoken; still more so to take a direct hint from a critic. But that Elgar always retained his respect and affection for the man who responded to his genius, but made no bones about his failings, we know from the dedication to Mr. Newman of the Piano Quintet of 1918.

Much of the music in the two oratorios is very beautiful, but they do not make satisfactory wholes, and it is therefore inevitable that the world, which always has too much on its plate, should have ruthlessly dropped them. By now, most people who are not wholly out of sympathy with Elgar are in substantial agreement about the works which represent him at his best; and all these were written in the twenty years between 1899 and 1919. The two Symphonies and the Violin Concerto, though prodigal of impressive or exquisite things, suffer from a certain profusion and over-emphasis: there is just a little too much of them, a little too forcefully presented at the rather too frequent climaxes; they are like friends whom we are delighted to see—but also delighted to get away from. The Cello Concerto, shorter and in texture midway to chamber music, shows a greater lasting power; the wayward, swaying 9/8 theme of its first movement is one of those melodic ideas which steal into the heart and remain there for ever. *Falstaff*, yes—though its pictorial power is often exaggerated; the *Introduction and Allegro for Strings*, certainly. But Elgar will probably survive longest as the composer of *Gerontius* and the Enigma Variations. *Gerontius* could not have been written without *Parsifal;* yet it is a profoundly original and veracious human document; and the Variations, I have found, possess the mysterious quality of remaining perennially welcome. Only in the Finale do we encounter a hint of the blustering, self-assertive Elgar; all the rest is perfect, a portrait gallery bathed in the golden glow of affection and humour; utterly English, utterly individual. Not to know and love these Variations is to be the poorer by fourteen good friends.

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Politics at Stratford

Julius Cæsar is a fascinating essay in the psychology of play-writing. Shakespeare sets out with the intention of creating a hero, and he ends with establishing a triumvirate. In *Richard II* he had already stated the argument between legal and efficient kingship, without quite knowing where the argument would lead him; and the destination did not become clear until he had done with *Henry V*. By that time the odds were even between Bolingbroke and Richard. In *Julius Cæsar* Brutus retains his heroic stature to the end and Antony's epitaph is all in keeping with the decencies of Parliamentary opposition; but Brutus has not quite retained his dramatic interest. Shakespeare knows, and shows, what happens when one honourable man does the wrong thing for the right reason. If Brutus had come to realise it also, the last two acts of this play would have possessed the spiritual momentum which they lack, and which a reduced platoon of supers, however effectively deployed, cannot conceal. Out of doors with Reinhardt, or on the stage of His Majesty's with Tree, the eye might have found its compensation. At Stratford, for all the appropriate beauty of Motley's setting and costumes, and for all Mr. Byam Shaw's adroit handling of his small forces, we are still left with the knowledge that Brutus has come to a full stop. And this is a pity because Mr. Clunes's performance of Brutus is the centre-piece of this production.

The balance, of course, is right, and we did not expect Mr. Byam Shaw, who is more sensitive to the truth of Shakespeare than any other director of our stage, to disturb it. Shakespeare has indeed provided us with a new interest in the last act, but he had not the time or space to develop it. We are left looking ahead to *Antony and Cleopatra*, where the ambitions of Antony and Octavius will be pitted so dramatically against each other, but in *Julius Cæsar* there is only the bare hint of trouble to come. Even so, there is more excitement in the short scene between the triumvirate, and in Antony's curt dismissal of Lepidus—"this is a slight, unmeritable man"—than in the Stoic suicides and fraternal farewells which follow it. The last scenes are a coda to the superbly orchestrated movement of the first three acts. Mr. Byam Shaw wisely delays his interval until after the Forum scene, and his final picture with the lynched body of Cinna hanging over the side of Antony's pulpit is the most effective curtain to it that I have ever seen.

Stratford cannot help inviting its comparisons, and I missed the steely Octavius of Mr. Alan Badel in the last production here seven years ago. Mr. Clive Revill gave us an interesting Bourbon, but he seemed too small to have outwitted Antony, even in the later and greater play. Mr. Keen's Cassius had a clear, persuasive charm, and he was plausibly Brutus's friend, but again I missed the biting envy and driving impulse which Sir John Gielgud transferred from Stratford to the screen. Cæsar is always a problem. Mr. Luckham pleases the eye and ear, but the hint of genius is lacking. When the actor is able to provide this, as Mr. Andrew Cruikshank provided it, the play is largely assisted. No one could have bettered Mr. Dignam's Casca; the whole character of the man, cynical, humorous and ruthless was conveyed in a few strokes. Miss Joan Miller succeeded perfectly with Portia. What a difficult part this is! We know that Portia matters little in herself; that she is only there to confirm the humanity of Brutus, to show him vulnerable to love as he is vulnerable to friendship. Besides, we are impatient for the conspiracy to get under way. Yet Miss Miller moves us in her own right, and we remember her as a casualty when the play is over.

The chief acting honours of the production, however, are shared between Mr. Clunes's Brutus and Mr. Richard Johnson's Antony. Mr. Johnson forces his voice now and then, but his playing has style and size, vigour and warmth. It is, if anything, a shade too straightforward. Antony must convey his cynicism to us but not to the people on the stage, and underneath the cynicism he must still be sincere. The diplomacy which is tightly controlled with the conspirators can peep out, progressively, as his oratory gets command of the mob. Mr. Johnson did not quite mark this progression, but his performance was a fine one. Very few actors have Mr. Clunes's way with Shakespeare—the ease of manner and mastery of rhythm. His Brutus was never too good to be true; the complexities of introspection and the demons of the divided mind were all suggested. The flexibility and power of his performance were beyond praise.

The virtues of Mr. Byam Shaw's production shine through his actors, as they should, and they shine brilliantly elsewhere. The music was most effectively used to accompany the stabbing of Cæsar, but an opportunity was missed immediately afterwards when the conspirators might have spoken their first lines in a kind of hush, awed by the spectacle of their crime. This may sound like a paradoxical treatment of the text, but I believe it would be justified. The decor is at once massive and easy to manipulate, the lighting extremely subtle, and the grouping always significant—though I thought the Forum scene might have been handled in greater depth. The gold statue of Cæsar which dominates the opening scene, and the huge coloured map before which the triumvirate plot their strategy, are among the

more vivid details of a composition where the design of the play comes through with undeviating truth.

King John is nobody's favourite play, but it shows us Shakespeare moving into the historical, as *Julius Cæsar* shows him moving into the tragic, sequence. Falconbridge is a complete creation—the earliest version of the "natural" man whom Shakespeare so evidently loved. We meet him again as Edmund when nature has turned sour, or as Enobarbus when loyalty to a losing master is no longer reasonable politics. But Falconbridge never flinches, and it is the only flaw in Mr. Clunes's fluent and self-confident performance that he denies to this generosity its full measure. Mr. Robert Harris has made it easy for him by refusing to turn John into a gibbering neurotic. Here is a competent, foxy monarch, yielding to a single overwhelming temptation. The part gets laboriously under weigh, but the later scenes are full of great lines—some of them hinting at *Richard II*—and Mr. Harris sets a good example by always acting inside them. His death scene was particularly impressive. Miss Joan Miller has not quite the register for Constance, but it was a relief not to find the lament for Arthur's sequestration drowned in elocutionary rant.

Mr. Douglas Seale has a vivid way with the Histories and he plunges this one in a chiaroscuro exactly suited to its mood. He flaunts his fleur-de-lys against a dark grey background of bastions and portcullis, most serviceably designed by Miss Audrey Cruddas. The decor and costumes imprison us in the murkiest Middle Ages, but their effect is not depressive. Mr. Seale has fought the static tendencies of the play; and although not even he can easily communicate its dynastic pattern, he fills it with the sense of England, and here and there the warmer humanities of *Henry IV* begin to make themselves felt beyond the feudal parley.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

Other Art and the Image

ONE of the things that makes the diverse -isms of modern art comparable to religious orthodoxies is that when artists shift their allegiance from one -ism to another we are often made to feel that they have undergone something akin to religious conversion. This feeling tends to be particularly strong when the shift has been from a form of figuration to a form of non-figuration or vice versa. One of the things that shows the un-doctrinaire spirit of the Other Art movement, and related trends, is that artists within this movement seem to be able to shift from figuration to non-figuration or vice versa in a much more casual way, without appearing to have been vouchsafed a revelation or to have taken a momentous decision. A typically present-day progress from non-figuration to figuration can be followed in the series of paintings by de Staël in the Arts Council's exhibition of "New Trends in Painting" (some aspects of which I discussed here last week).

The three earliest examples are non-figurative (the latest only just); they date from 1948, 1950 and 1951, each is an excellent example of its period, and all of them, it seems to me, speak of a need for figuration, because, splendidly designed and painted though they may be, they are inert—especially so when compared with the Sam Francis abstracts in the adjoining rooms. The figuration appeared in 1952, and I suspect that it appeared almost without de Staël's knowing it, through his using paint to produce certain shapes and textures that obsessed him and happening to arrive at a very simple, weighty, and compelling equivalent for landscape. This coincidence of paint and image produced his finest work—the kind of painting exemplified by the Paris Museum of Modern Art's *Les Toits*. Where the image is not landscape, as in the *Football at Night* in the present exhibition, the figurative or near-figurative works of this period are incomparably less convincing.

In the last two years of his life, represented here by a landscape and a still-life, de Staël attempted a less ambiguous, more lucid, figuration. And here he showed the severity of his limitations, showed his inability to make forms come to life (other than the peculiar deadened life of the 1952 landscapes). Here objects have not—as in the comparable still-lifes of Morandi—been rendered as paint, transformed into paint: it is, rather, as Mr. Robert Melville has pointed out, as if the objects themselves had been taken and covered in paint—beautiful, edible paint poured over them like icing sugar. Thus simplified and softened, they are like the familiar view from our bedroom window when seen under a blanket of snow—not re-made, merely disguised. This is painting only in the sense that it is painting when you paint a kitchen table or a cupboard.

The vital interplay between paint and image which is missing here is precisely what Karel Appel achieves so well. There is something magnificent about the abandon and conviction with which the paint is sloshed on, sloshed on so that it seems to have made the image up of its own accord. Only, the image itself is a let-down, a cliché that is a cross between old-fashioned expressionism and the art of children. To compare Appel's imagery with Dubuffet's is a lesson in how, and how not, to learn from the children. Dubuffet's infantile sign-language is the language that children use to draw teacher on the blackboard; Appel's infantile style is the style that children use in the art class if teacher has read *Education Through Art*. Dubuffet gives no impression of striving for a visual effect, but only of a wish for eloquence of the most pungent and simple kind. And he really can make paint talk. Every inflexion of the ugly earthy paint, paint like an elephant's hide, seems to have meaning. And the clumsy shambling shapes are alive and strangely poignant, with clown-like poignancy. Dubuffet's genius, indeed, is trebly the genius of a clown, since it endows the grotesque with dignity, practises the art of creating an illusion of simple-mindedness, and—and this is where the genius comes in—uses the crudest and absurdest of distortions to get dangerously close to reality.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Historic Occasion

WHEN I wrote, last September, about the development of television in Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, and envisaged a future eastward extension of Eurovision, I hardly dared to hope that this idea might begin to be realised in less than a year.

There is now no technical reason why British viewers should not see Ulanova dancing at the Bolshoi Theatre, and see her "live," not merely on film; or why Russian viewers should not (if they want to) see a Test match in progress, with oppressed colonial bowlers trouncing their imperial overlords. (The British lion resumed his sway last Monday!) Mr. Krushchev has been interviewed for television, and the film of the interview seen all over America and on the commercial channels in Britain (how on earth did the BBC miss this one?): he is so forthcoming and quick-witted that there might be a good chance of persuading him to agree to a live appearance. Imagine *Press Conference* from Moscow!

This *rapprochement* may be said to have begun last Saturday night, when BBC viewers were able to watch the finals of the European Amateur Boxing Championships in Prague: the historic character of the occasion was almost completely ignored by British newspapers, no doubt because no blondes with the right sort of vital statistics were involved. This was not, strictly, a Eurovision programme, since it was not originated by one of the eleven members of the European Broadcasting Union: it was an outside broadcast presented by the Czechoslovak Television Service (whose director produced it personally), and it reached us via East and West Germany; at Cologne it became a Eurovision pick-up.

We went over to Prague at 9.30, and were plunged directly *in medias res*: to be precise, British viewers' first glimpse east of the "Iron Curtain" was of a boxer spitting in a bowl between rounds. All parts of Europe were thoroughly mixed up: an Italian refereed a fight between a tall, lean Pole and a hollow-eyed Finn, a Russian refereed a fight between a tow-headed Austrian and a southpaw from the Saar. "The punches are just as though they're bouncing off a brick wall when they land on this German," said the BBC commentator, whose only lapses from international tact were his statement that tickets for this event had been sold at high prices on the black market, and his vulgarly rib-digging astonishment that some of the Czech camera operators and technicians were women. Boxing, like television, can evidently overleap the strongest of man-made partitions: for this purpose, we were told, "Northern and Southern Ireland amalgamate and box as Ireland." British viewers were able, too, to observe with pride that English is the *lingua franca* of international amateur boxing: "stop" and "box," cried these referees from a dozen different nations. Some aspects of the event may, however, have confirmed the more insular of us in the general opinion that foreigners are odd: there was a great deal of ceremonial handshaking and a great deal of triple kissing (peck, peck, pop).

Some political undertones and ironies were inevitable on such an occasion. That the Czechs, for instance—of all people—should have to stand solemnly throughout the playing of the tune of *Deutschland über Alles . . .*! This was because, at the end of each contest, the national anthem of the winning boxer was played, *ff* and *molto maestoso*—or, at least, as *maestoso* as possible: Italy has a national anthem like an air in a third-rate light opera. The general rule is, the less important a country, the longer its anthem: this custom is a great time-waster, and I hope that television will kill it by showing the viewing mil-

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lions also how utterly ridiculous people look when they are standing, stiff and glassy-eyed, for a national anthem. The programme ended with the Soviet anthem, for the last victor was a sixteen-stone Russian private soldier, Andrey Abramov; on the previous night, our commentator told us, he had defeated a Czech boxer and had been severely barracked by the crowd. On this occasion the audience—though impatient and noisy—seemed reasonably impartial, perhaps because Abramov was fighting a Rumanian; as "sporting," indeed, as an average Albert Hall audience.

This was not a manifestation of what Dr. Summerskill would regard as ideal East-West cultural relations; but it was a start, and it is perhaps as well to begin with programmes that have a wide popular appeal and are unchallengeably non-egghead. Only two factors can now delay the desirable developments which I forecast at the beginning of this article. The BBC succinctly defines them: "politics and money."

TOM DRIBERG

Smilers With Knives

PRELUDES to films mostly take the eye. Claude Autant-Lara's *The Red Inn* (Continentale) hits the ear with a grim, ringing ballad: the Martins, they kept an inn in a lonely place, and soon got to keeping the few travellers, too, so that none travelled on, and one snowy night came a hurdy-gurdy man with his monkey. . . . The door opens its light on the snow. The man is welcomed, and stabbed. The monkey escapes.

Does our taste for the macabre fasten nowadays on the future? The past still flickers, and can more completely enthrall. By chance, that night, there converge a priest and a novice seeking shelter, a whole coachful of people benighted. Gala! Never has the Red Inn known such custom; and the terrible couple busy themselves, the big Negro chuckles and prepares sleeping draughts (for they prefer the knife in bed to the axe behind the door); and to round off things, the beautiful daughter is home, lighting them upstairs. The Martins are all smiles: after this, they'll be able to retire.

Merrily it runs, with the old woman (Françoise Rosay) discovering a taste for confession and the priest (Fernandel) unable to betray what he learns. Morning *does* dawn with the travellers still breathing, if rather heavily; and out in the yard is the snowman, encasing the poor musician, which will have to be moved before the coach can be taken out. There are other incidents—the breakfast-hour marriage of the daughter to the novice (whose father happens to be head of the judicature)—all closely interwoven; and the monkey comes back. . . . The chill is authentic, so is the spontaneous, edgy laughter—Fernandel at his best. Autant-Lara has exercised rare skill, and added the touch of poetry without which the whole thing would grate. Only the last twist seems superadded. Apparently *The Red Inn* came to England five years ago, but was banned. Now judgment is reversed, and while the film may lose a little from cuts, London audiences will gain.

I resisted *Teahouse of the August Moon* on the stage, chiefly because I was always meeting people who had seen it twice; but I can see now from the film version at the Empire that I should have enjoyed myself. It's a piece of pure theatre, about the impossibility of teaching Democracy to the Okinawans, rather Gilbertian in its charm. The Captain goes native in a bath-robe; a geisha girl (no offence) sets the whole village studying deportment; the blue-print of a school-house in the shape of the Pentagon gives way to a tea-house, where they can spend the money earned with a still turning out "brandy" for head-quarters. Some of it is very funny, and the cinema well accentuates the jeep-journey with whole families and a goat piled on furniture. There are ten minutes too much of sentiment near the end. Glenn Ford is the frail exponent of American activities, and rather unexpectedly Marlon Brando as the local interpreter imparts vernacular wisdom with no taint of the sultry.

Otherwise, the stars everywhere are behaving as usual—rather too much so, in fact. Diana Dors in her first Hollywood film (*The Unholy Wife*, at the Leicester Square) alternates between wandering about a drawing room at her most gilded and shooting someone, and confessing it round-faced, mouse-haired and tearful in prison garb. She has done better at film festivals. Rod Steiger manages to be strong, soft and sharp, but has been so before in happier circumstances. *Fire Down Below*, at the Marble Arch Odeon, displays a frozen Rita Hayworth among the Pacific Islands, but she, too—like Miss Dors—has another guise, happily grinning and letting go on a dance-floor. Coming out of a past of prison camps, she has the wonderful line: "Armies marched over me." That makes Robert Mitchum's sleepier eyelid lift—but again, all as usual.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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The Unmaximilian Max

THE only bad thing about the late Sir Max Beerbohm are his chirping admirers, that bubbling band of Maximilians whose attempt to scale the great *petit-maître* down to a minuscule cult has only resulted in Max's being neglected by those who would otherwise delight in and profit by his genius. Here, in this finely arranged memorial exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, he comes sovereignly into his own, to the tune of some 160 drawings. "The perfect caricature," he wrote, "is bold in its execution, simple and ingenuous to its beholder as a wild flower." It springs from "the sheer desire and irresponsible lust for bedevilling this or that human body."

Here, meanwhile, is the whole British top drawer from 1890 to 1920 laid out for our risible inspection. (I have never heard people laugh so loudly in a picture gallery before.) Two whole rooms have been given up to Max. Though I myself possess two volumes of his caricatures, I had no idea that his output, despite its perfection, was so large. Nor, until seeing them assembled *en masse* like this, did I realise their extraordinary homogeneity. Though his style, as Sir John Rothenstein tells us in his catalogue foreword, changed with the years, the personalities (many, like Lytton Strachey and Sir Winston, recur again and again) seem to flow into one another, Wilde and Lord Rosebery and Henry James merging into Conrad and Asquith and Walter Sickert. They all exist in a loving complicity of high talent and Max is never happier than when he brings them together in the lump (as in No. 143): "Some persons of The Nineties little imagining, despite their Proper Pride and Ornamental Aspect, how much they will interest Mr. Holbrook Jackson and Mr. Osbert Burdett (1925)." As we pace the afternoon away, revelling in so much fantasy and execution, the weirdest correspondencies suggest themselves. How alike Max's Will Rothenstein is to my old friend Mr. Walter Allen, Aubrey Beardsley to Mr. Robin Fedden, Lloyd George in the Wilson portrait to Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge!

Max could be cruelly funny—never more so than in the series of pictures entitled "Mr. Gladstone in Heaven" (they are now lodged, appropriately, in the Junior Carlton). "The Old Man Eloquent," having oiled his way round St. Peter, addresses a mass meeting of angels on his first evening beyond the pearly gates ("he pays an eloquent and grateful tribute to God"). Unfortunately, on leaving the meeting, he picks up a fallen angel. Next morning he "narrowly escapes an awkward *rencontre* with General Gordon." Subsequently he is cut by the Prince Consort, "Homer recognises his footsteps," he passes beneath Horace's window ("*Ego docebo te perdere mea carmina!*" cries the poet, emptying a jeroboam of Old Falernian over the O.M.E.'s top hat), and meets Mr. Parnell ("*Don't* be so hasty! Give me two hours and a half, and I can explain all to you!"). We take leave of him oiling his way round Mephisto beside the burning lake. These pictures, and the "Edwardyssey" series have a velvet savagery that recalls the great French masters. (How the best Edwardians must have loathed their guttural sovereign!)

Yet Max's rarest quality as a caricaturist is his wonderful power to seize on the romantic essence of the human being he is delineating. This comes out most clearly in the wistful "Old and Young Self" series (1924)—the young Augustus John, the young Chesterton, the young Sickert ("You thought Jimmy Whistler was going to be the last of the Oracles and Masters, didn't you—*hein, p'tit imbécile?*"). These, and the touching cartoon "*In piam memoriam Danielii Lenonis*," are among his greatest triumphs—though "Mid-term tea at Mr. Oscar Browning's" remains my own comic favourite. It is good to see, by the catalogue dating, that Max's genius remained with him to the end of his life.

JOHN RAYMOND

Correspondence

SECURITY CHECKS

SIR,—Mr. Williams, who certainly knows what he is talking about, is wise to reiterate that the protection of civil servants against the activities of security police are quite inadequate and that industrial workers would therefore not be safeguarded if the same inadequate protection were extended to them also—as Parliament intended. But, knowing Barbara Castle's views, I am sure she is under no such illusion. What she wants and what my committee wants is a protective procedure which really can protect and is available both to the civil service and to industrial workers alike—or indeed to anybody (like Keith Miller) whose private life is interfered with or jeopardised by secret police allegations.

Such a procedure would of course involve, as Mr. Williams says, the right of legal representation before a tribunal and full opportunity to refute charges. Obviously such opportunity can only be full if the charges and the evidence are known to the victim. And this in turn would involve hearings *in camera* as is the practice with treason trials. Whether the tribunal should consist of one or three High Court judges has been a matter of some controversy but certain it is that a purely amateur tribunal, inexperienced in the examination and sifting of evidence, is totally inadequate once it be agreed that nothing short of a full quasi-judicial trial can safeguard suspected persons.

Even a competent and well-authorised "court" is useless, however, if injured persons are deprived of the use of it. And they are easily deprived by the simple device of withholding from them the true reason for their victimisation. There is increasing evidence that this is happening and that departments refuse to accept responsibility for the intervention of secret police in private industry which of course means that the injured party is robbed of all right of appeal. It should be made a statutory offence for an employer to dismiss or demote a man at the prompting of security police without disclosing to him their instigation.

BENN W. LEVY

Campaign for the Limitation of Secret Police Powers.
28 Broadway, S.W.1.

SIR,—As a professor at a scientific college for over thirty years, and its Dean for six, may I, who have always openly worn my political colours, say a word on this subject?

First, the categories "Fascist or Communist" are eyewash. It is Communists they are after, but unfortunately neither professor nor Security know a Communist when they see one. A keen Labour supporter is just as likely to be branded traitor; whereas a Tory, who may be an undisguised Fascist, is *ipso facto* a patriot. In my time I have had to advise and protect many young people against this kind of injustice.

Secondly, at a time when most chemical and engineering firms look hopefully for government orders, inquiries about the reliability of individual students cannot be very different from those raised by government departments engaged in secret work. In this sense Professor Briscoe is right. It is the cost of the cold war; and open discussion among students is just meat and drink to the "counter-spy" as he imagines himself to be. The next step is clear. Since some of our best scientists are "unreliable," a student who is concerned only with a job and nothing more had better first approach Security for a list of safe professors, and for academic advice, and thereafter keep his mouth shut. Security will then get scientists of its own quality.

Thirdly, academic staffs are generally so busy and engrossed in their research that they know next to nothing of the political outlook of students; but a Communist professor or lecturer can tell, after a few minutes' conversation, if a student is politically "tainted." If Security therefore want efficient academic spies, they must engage Communists. Otherwise their spies may do untold damage to the naive fresher; for once Security has a black mark against a name it is indelible. I am sure many of us would be very happy to give them a few lectures on "What is Communism?" Why not? I have often been approached about private reports on students. I shall never forget the look on the face of one Security officer, when, having handed me his warrant, complete with photograph to establish his *bona fides*, I handed him my party card in return to establish mine! They certainly need academic spies to tell them what is public knowledge, so why not lectures on Communism from experts?

The answer to all this dangerous stupidity is an instruction from the governing body of every university to every member of its staff that in no circumstances must he ever give a report to anyone about a student or member of staff on any matter other than his technical qualifications, and, possibly, his general ability. This is the rule I have myself always followed, for without this, McCarthyism becomes inevitable.

Imperial College of Science, S.W.7. HYMAN LEVY

WINDOW INTO LIFE

SIR,—In a recent London Diary, Critic raised doubts about the work of International Help for Children in taking children from D.P. camps in Germany and giving them three months of private life in Britain. I have read letters from the German end, and talked with English hosts. The letters glowed with pride in the child's health and attainments, with gratitude for the care taken, the clothes made, the presents sent back, with determination to keep up the correspondence. Some discontent on the returning child's part there must surely have been (and a divine discontent at that), but there was never a sign of it in these letters. The feeling of no longer being forgotten and friendless seemed to have benefited the whole family's morale.

I have personally looked into the case of 14 Polish children from the Fischbeck camp near Hamburg who were received last autumn by families in Edmonton. All 14 families, fathers, mothers and children, gathered at short notice to tell me of their experiences. None had taken any payment for their guests; all had made clothes and given Christmas toys. And a fact that did not emerge until late in the evening was that after agreeing to receive a child several of the fathers had gone on short time; none backed out. One man had worked only three days a week during the whole period of the Polish child's stay. The general picture each drew was the same. The child arrived bewildered, but neat and clean and with clothes exquisitely darned. After three days the strangeness had worn off and sign-language was established. Everything about the house caused ecstatic astonishment: stairs, bath, television, even beds.

Constructional toys were the favourites, and being supplied for the first time with handicraft materials, the children discovered varied talents—painting, modelling, embroidering, playing the piano. (It was a revelation that a house could own a piano.) Not much was learnt at school, because of the language barrier, but the mere fact of going to an English school seemed to give pleasure, though one clung fairly tightly to one's young host. At first there was unwillingness to talk of home, or an elaborate pretence that one didn't really come from a camp, but from somewhere much grander, outside it. Then gradually the truth emerged. One thoughtful little girl gave a word-picture of her guest. "Most of the time she seemed sort of—hidden. And then she told me things and I knew they were stories. But at the end she talked to me properly, and wasn't afraid to say she was poor." All the English mothers showed a remarkable imaginative sympathy for the German mother, and anxiety not to oust her from her rightful place. She was written to immediately the child arrived, and as soon as possible snapshots were sent. Only one child showed serious signs of forgetting her family and wishing to remain in England, and this doubtless because she was only seven, which is younger than the average. The general opinion was that three months is the right length of stay. It gives time for a striking physical improvement—children put on as much as ten pounds and grew one and a half inches—without being long enough to make a severance of the family tie.

At Christmas there was a famous party, and a big group photograph of all the children. In the flannel shorts and flowered party dresses made for them by the Edmonton mothers, impossible to tell guests from hosts; all had the same open, confident look. And it is a confidence, an inner reserve, which these lucky few out of Europe's rootless thousands of children take back with them to the camps, and which persists, as social workers there will testify, after the initial difficulties of readjustment are over. The child has looked out of its barrack window and seen a different way of living and behaving and arranging things—yet a way not too costly and privileged to seem impossibly out of reach.

The number who have had the chance to look out of the window is still small. All that stands in the way of bringing more over is money—the £15 it costs for each one's fare. (There is never any shortage of homes on offer.) Anything one can spare to help may be sent to International Help for Children at 43 Parliament Street, S.W.1.

Red House, Gerrards Cross. ELIZABETH COXHEAD

ENDING ELEVEN-PLUS

SIR,—One of Mr. Hobsbaum's main objections to Dr. Pedley's proposals is that "the most capable men" would gravitate to the sixth-form colleges, to the detriment of the "middle schools."

Because of our current obsession with the "able" child, and with getting scholarships for the sixth-former, the recognised top of the teaching ladder is the grammar school sixth form. Since sixth-form work needs graduate teachers, the possession of specialist knowledge, academic ability and a good degree, are becoming hopelessly confused with *teaching* ability. By equating teaching with the imparting of knowledge, the profession, and in a

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profound sense the *art*, of teaching are being degraded. Today, the more knowledge you impart, and the more specialised it is, the higher your professional prestige and salary.

In the present modern schools, the bulk of our population is educated. The homes and environment of these children conspire, in most cases, to make the teacher's job far more difficult than that of the grammar school teacher, whose pupils are, as often as not, ambitious, willing and spurred on by the possession or prospect of scholarships. A young graduate, fresh from university, even if he has no special interest in children or "education" in its real sense, may be a howling success with the sixth form. But put him with the nine-to-fourteen-year-olds and no degree in the world will prevent his life being made a misery—unless he has a gift, not for physics or history, but for teaching.

By confusing the nurture of academic ability with the nurture of children, and becoming hypnotised by sixth-forms and sixth-formers, we are distorting the whole meaning of education—and, in the end, creating a class system based on "ability" which is, if anything, more pernicious than that based on wealth.

This is the danger Dr. Pedley's proposals recognise, and might well meet successfully—but only if we can abolish the present class structure, not only in our school system, but also among teachers. I should perhaps add that I am not a teacher.

Linden Cottage, DAVID JOHNS
Forest Row.

SIR,—The policy I advocate is not merely that of establishing sixth-form colleges for clever pupils. With a break at 14 or 15 (probably 15/16 when the leaving age is raised) we can and should develop the present grammar and technical schools for work with all older pupils, provided there is a wide range of studies to meet individual needs. (I do not think Mr. Hobsbaum's "multiplicity of technical courses" desirable, even where they are possible, for younger children. Nor is it axiomatic that the best teachers want to teach older pupils.) The change to a comprehensive system throughout the country can thus be achieved quickly and with the minimum of upheaval. There may indeed be a race for honours: as Leicestershire's Director of Education said recently, "if we had not done this, some other authority would have done something of the kind very soon."

It was because of the present difficulties attending a break at 15 and 16 that last year I suggested to the Minister of Education, as a more immediately acceptable move, transfer to the grammar school at 14 of those whose parents were prepared to undertake to keep them there until 16. This is the arrangement now adopted by Leicestershire. I am very conscious of the snags, but I think they are outweighed by the immediate advantages. It is a necessary interim step.

Large comprehensive schools may be right for the metropolis, and I wish them well. I doubt whether they are equally suitable for smaller communities. But in any case they are not a practical proposition in most areas: 93 of every 100 secondary schools take fewer than 600 pupils, and we must use the sites and buildings we already have.

Incidentally, may I apologise to the delegates at Margate in 1953 (though none has complained) for my ill-considered use of the word "ignorance"? I had in mind the lack of information and fair press comment on the plan at the time, and did not intend to belittle the quality and integrity of those estimable people.

ROBIN PEDLEY

University of Leicester.

OVERHEAD AGGRESSION

SIR,—Mr. James Patterson announced from Washington that the Inter-Continental Missile programme was forging ahead and the first missile was to be fired on Friday, May 31.

"The Atlas will reach an altitude of 700 miles," we are told, "and turn to a continually controlled S.E. flight of 2,200 miles. The red glare of the missile will tell Soviet Russia that America stands ready to defend the free world against Communist aggression."

So it is claimed and further that here is the ultimate weapon against which there can be no conceivable defence—"the best possible protection to ourselves and our children who will come after us." When the thermo-nuclear missile programme is thus completed and made "operational," "it will no longer be necessary to draft our young men into the military service in peacetime." Thus everything will have been nicely made, mechanical, automatic, life-saving, frugal and easy!

The "Martin Bullpup" is, we are told, a naval missile which weighs 600 pounds and Kansas City is agog to see it go out. But it is just a "pup" compared to the coming intercontinental true bull-dogs. The rest of the world over which these missiles will move ballistically may also be reasonably alarmed, by the prospect and not alone the aggressive Communists, to frighten whom all this information is intended. It may ask the question whether it is a "free world," indeed, if without its consent or co-operation such trajectories could be ordered and held by America over the heads of its people. Apart from freedom, there is the question of what will happen if any wireless control goes slightly wrong.

The whole programme of intercontinental and other missiles must be gone into by non-partisan governments: the issue for consideration being whether before a federation of nations has taken place and until a single military authority is legally established, such inter-continental and across-all-nations missiles can be allowed to be operated, whatever be the altitude from where the ballistic trajectory starts, be it 700 miles or more. Height does not extinguish the rights of nations nor alter, except for the worse, the physical consequences of a few hundred tons of heavy metal with poisons to explode, coming down upon them now and then according to the mathematical law of chances.

Equally reckless is the idea that nuclear explosions organised to take place at a high altitude, more than 30,000 feet above the earth's surface after the most recent British model, renders the fall-out inocuous. The stratosphere is above that height, ready to receive and store all the poison liberated by the explosion, and return at a continuous pace down to man and his companions below and to the vegetable world from which they ultimately draw substance.

These matters deserve the close and unbiased attention of non-partisan and independent men of science and professors of public law and ethics, who alone must save the world from the insane governments that stand possessed of uncontrolled power, the form of government makes no difference. An eminent meteorologist has recently explained that the strontium fall-out has a preference for northern climates! Almost as if the Devil had his own priority-chart to operate against civilisation parallel to the anti-Communist military programmes of the West.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Madras, India.

UNARMED DEFENCE

SIR,—It is officially recognised that a dozen or so hydrogen bombs could devastate this country, and that there is no effective defence against them. It has now been demonstrated that Britain can explode her own hydrogen bombs, but we confess that this does not make us feel any more secure.

It is plain that defence by armed force has reached a "reductio ad absurdum" and we are bound to ask ourselves the question, "Is there no other means of defence which does not involve this threat to destroy and be destroyed?"

We were very pleased to see that this question was raised in a recent issue of the *King-Hall Newsletter*, with the suggestion that a Royal Commission be established to explore the possibilities of defence without armed force. We have ourselves been thinking out some of the implications of unarmed defence, and should be glad to hear from any of your readers who have the same concern.

CHARLES A. COULSON, A. RUTH FRY,
C. ERNEST PEVERLEY, ALAN LITHERLAND

16 Harlech Road, Liverpool, 23.

HUNGARY REVISITED

SIR,—A distinction should be made between what I saw myself this spring and what I was told had happened last autumn. I have been taken to task temperately by Mr. Ignotus and less so by Mr. Marffy-Mantuano for what I reported of the threat of anti-Semitism. I can only say that I wrote what I had been told by people I have known for a number of years of whose sincerity I have no doubt. Some of these were Jews, none were associated with the present government and several were highly critical of it. They had heard and seen evidence of anti-Semitism and all had been afraid, perhaps without reason, that it might have become ungovernable.

I have no wish to dispute Mr. Ignotus' strictures on the Rakosi regime. No one I met attempted to defend it and some denounced it as much as he did. I recognise that it is much more difficult to judge the present administration; though it remains far from what was desired by the insurgents of the October days it is certainly more liberal than the previous regime and not only in its economic aspects. At least in the scientific circles in which I moved it had gained acceptance and some measure of support.

The main objective, on which Mr. Ignotus and myself are in agreement, is the securing of a democratic Hungary in a Europe free from the threat of war. This can hardly be reached in a country in a state of economic crisis and misery. Hence remarks in my first letter on welcoming an attempt to create a viable economy and to correct at least some of the faults of the previous regime. I never implied that this could be done irrespective of politics, for these are political questions inside Hungary and will be judged very variously by those outside as well as inside the country. What I asked for "irrespective of any judgments on the political situation" was understanding and support for the people of good will in Hungary in the reconstruction of their economy. I still feel that the best thing we can do for the people of Hungary is to secure the conditions for a European settlement and an end to the cold war.

J. D. BERNAL

21 Torrington Square,
London, W.C.1.

ROGER CASEMENT

SIR,—I am an old admirer of Sir Roger Casement and anything you are doing or can do to clear his reputation has my strong support. As one, however, who when a young man was constantly in the intimate company of the late Lord Birkenhead, I know well that the idea of his regaling mixed dinner parties with pornographic diaries, real or faked, is unthinkable and grotesque. It could only be the fruit of a disordered mind or a failing memory.

14 Cheyne Gardens, S.W.3. PAKENHAM

SIR,—Most decent people I imagine will have been as disgusted as I was by Critic's paragraph in your issue of May 4 about the late Lord Birkenhead. As a close friend of his during the last ten years of his life, I find it impossible to believe the allegations it contains. As to the jejune sentence which Critic apparently considers a brilliant epigram, since he had it printed with such evident pride in quotation marks, it seems to me to reveal certain rather unpleasant aspects of his own mentality rather than to add any substance to his denunciation. Fortunately the late Lord Birkenhead's reputation stands so high that he needs no defence from me—especially against attempts to smear him 26 years after his death by publishing anonymous hearsay gossip.

Christ Church, CHERWELL
Oxford.

ROY CAMPBELL

SIR,—T. E. Lawrence wrote to me once complaining that Aldington puked in print; and here he is again, sick bang in the middle of the NEW STATESMAN! "I kiss his neif, and love the lovely bully." Kiss my Aldington!

KENNETH MARSHALL

58a Fife Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Uncle Beuve and Sir Harold

Of course, we all owe our Uncle Beuve a huge debt. Is he not the Beau Nash of French culture, the self-created master of ceremonies, intent on acquainting us with a vast variety of human beings, their habits, their accoutrements, their liaisons, their miseries, their anecdotes, the Bourse-price of their reputation? Allow me, he insists, to present you, *hypocrite lecteur, semblable et frère,* to my old friend, Mme du Deffand, or de Lafayette, de Sévigné, de Longueville, as the case may be. "*Enchantée, m'sieu!,*" the old woman sighs wheezingly out of the canvas whose massive frame Sainte-Beuve has spent so much time re-gilding. "*Enchantée. . . .*" The old high actressy voices croak down the centuries at us throughout all the 28 volumes of those miraculous Monday essays.

And we are enchanted, I suppose. Some of us, anyway, and that includes Sir Harold Nicolson, who has now written a book about this great gilder and loyallest guildsman of literary history*. "*Lisez, lisez, lisez Sainte-Beuve,*" cried young Mr. Nicolson's French tutor, and Sir Harold, who has cultivated the useful habit of listening flatteringly to older men most of his life, sensibly took his advice. The result is this brilliant biography, "unrepentingly" based, as Sir Harold tells us, on M. André Billy's two-volume life, which first appeared in France about five years ago. I have only read Volume II of this work but I have compared it with Sir Harold's, and it is, as he indicates, a faithful likeness. Treacherous to his friends, loathsome to his mistresses, perfidious in almost all his human contacts, this grand carpet-bagger of belles lettres, this pug-like little monster of erudition and infirmity, has now undergone a resurrection—though not at the hands of the French. He is lodged securely in Sir Harold's bosom—a receptacle designed by Providence to house that whole section of the British cultural machine which concerns itself with foreign parts.

Sir Harold's book, like almost all his others, is urbane, observant, feline, brilliant—and a shade unnatural. I do not believe there has ever been a biographer of whose personality the reader is so conscious as he turns the pages. He is the most obtrusively unobtrusive practitioner of English prose in the language. Whether he is discussing Verlaine's insobriety, Swinburne's perversions, Lord Curzon's spinal weakness, Benjamin Constant's inconstancies, or, as in this case, Sainte-Beuve's "undeveloped urethra" which "rendered him incapable of normal coition," his attitude remains that of a bland, all-seeing, hyper-civilised archangel, a kind of Blessed Damozel of *Kultur*, leaning rosily out from the gold bars of Pall Mall, murmuring, along with his old crony, Mme de Staël, that "*tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.*" From a literary standpoint, Sir Harold, as someone has well remarked, is a professional human being, and like all such, he revels in studies of soured success and near-failure. I suspect it is the *défaillances* of great men that he cares most about. I have never understood why he has neglected to write the life of Lord Rosebery.

He has written divinely of Tennyson (his is still the best study of the poet in existence), because Tennyson was a morally worthy person—nothing but melancholia, shag tobacco and too much cheap port to complain about there. He has written with elegiac understanding of Lord Byron, for Byron is a national institution and it was only the noble Missolonghian fag-end of Byron's life that Sir Harold was dealing with—no Cambridge choristers, no Augustas, no Countess Guicciolis. On the other hand, his studies of Verlaine and Swinburne are deplorable. While he shows a profound insight into and knowledge of Verlaine's verse and can be wildly funny in his own original manner about Verlaine's claim to have saved Notre-Dame from being blown up by the Commune, he slides (and, for him, most un-deftly) away from the poet's relations with Rimbaud, by any account a rather important chapter in both their lives. In face of turpitude and turmoil, young Mr. Nicolson turned away his head and washed his hands of the subject. In his penetrating essay on Sir Harold, entitled "Through the Embassy Window," Mr. Edmund Wilson lays the blame for Sir Harold's apparent reluctance to tangle much with life upon the shoulders of his governess and the Foreign Office. He gives us, Wilson writes, "the impression of standing, well-brushed and well-bred, a credit to this admirable woman's care, looking out through the Embassy window at the streets of strange non-English cities which he knows that he mustn't explore. . . . He could never," Wilson adds, "really drop the idea that literary people were freaks and essentially disreputable characters."

I myself think that, for a person of Sir Harold's complicated and highly intelligent nature, this is a great over-simplification, though I admit that my own explanation sounds an even simpler one. In his youth Sir Harold, like so many of his contemporaries, was much under the sway of Sir Edmund Gosse—that erudite, snobbish, long-winded, busy-bodying, wet-blanket of English letters, whose finger was always in every pie, whenever it was not being placed admonishingly on every lip. There is a story told of Sir Edmund, at the head of a powerful literary deputation (it included Mr. Andrew Lang), all in their shining toppers, welcoming Verlaine at Victoria Station. They searched in vain for the great man, looked everywhere except in the guard's van, whence a drunk, bespattered and shaking figure emerged, exclaiming, "*Je suis phtisique, je suis syphilitique, je suis pédéraste, je suis poète, je suis Verlaine!*" Sir Edmund was understandably not amused at the time, and I suggest that it is from him that Sir Harold's subsequent literary prudence is derived. "The cautious hand," as Strachey remarked of Cardinal Manning, "refrained."

Time has given a faint wriggle of release to this initial prissiness. It is a great feat for an English writer—especially if he has written the official life of his sovereign—to be still maturing at seventy, and Sir Harold has put us all once more in his debt by writing this admirable study. Guided by M. Billy's amiability and good genius, he has written a gifted, witty and sympathetic biography. This most readable book includes a brilliant chapter on *Port-Royal* (not only the book itself but the story also) and a sensitive and well-balanced plea for the *Lundis*. Sir Harold also makes out a strong case for *Volupté* and attempts skilfully, but hopelessly, to reverse Proust's angry but final verdict. Proust put his finger on the whole defection of Sainte-Beuve in his cruelly perceptive twenty-five page essay†. His carefully paired adjectives, his false eloquence, his concealed vanity, his dreadful apostrophes ("*Bravo, ô stoïcien d'art,*" of Gautier, and of *Salammbô*, "*Bonnes gens, il était parti pour Carthage!*"), his patronising bonhomie, none of this, said Proust in effect, would have mattered had Sainte-Beuve been a real critic. But in fact he was a literary chief magistrate—a "*redresseur.*"

Sainte-Beuve, we must admit, lacked divination. He could write admirably about Pliny, Firdausi, the poets of the Pléiade or the cultural magnates of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but not, alas, about his contemporaries. As Sir Harold, himself a voluminously industrious writer, says, his range and output is extraordinary.

> Who among our British literary historians and critics can compare with Sainte-Beuve in range of interest or variety of theme? It is as if an English author, possessing the curiosity of Isaac D'Israeli, the scholarship of Saintsbury and the skill of Edmund Gosse, were to leave us forty volumes containing essays on such diverse subjects as Beattie's Minstrel, the Blickling Homilies, Mrs. Vesey, Tottel's Miscellany, the Army Manual on Sanitation, Jack of Newbury, Green's coney-catching, Wyclif and scholasticism, Adelaide Anne Procter, Drummond of Hawthornden, Lady Melbourne, Rifleman Harris, the Paston Letters, the Warwickshire coterie, Caroline Norton, Barclay's Eclogues, Jacob Tonson and the Two Angry Women of Abington. By multiplying this list by two hundred we can gain some impression of the width and diversity of Sainte-Beuve's literary studies.

That is all very well. But let us suppose that a sovereign critic, writing today in some magistral weekly (a blend of the *Kenyon Review*, the *Times Literary Supplement*, *Figaro Littéraire* and *Botteghe Oscure*) were to systematically decry the poetry of Mr. Auden, the novels of D. H. Lawrence and the prose of George Orwell, or worse, to pass them by in a blank malicious silence—if one can envisage such a monster, one has a faint idea of how Sainte-Beuve dealt with *Madame Bovary* and *Les Fleurs du Mal*, how he treated some of the greatest masterpieces created in his lifetime. Treasonable to all his contemporaries, he was positive death to genius: he was stupid about Stendhal (whom he thought too Italianate to be a proper French writer), crazy with hate about Balzac (who returned his dislike in a grander, more pungent fashion), disregardful of de Musset, pigheadedly obtuse about his friends Flaubert and Gautier (two of the most art-tormented and best-hearted men of the nineteenth cen-

* *Sainte-Beuve.* By HAROLD NICOLSON. *Constable.* 25*s.*

† *Contre Sainte-Beuve.* By MARCEL PROUST. *Gallimard.* 900*fr.*

tury), and above all, vilely knock-kneed and uncomprehending about Baudelaire. "*A mon maître et ami, Souvenir?*" queried the poet gently, presenting his friend with a copy of his *Nouvelles Histoires Extraordinaires* in 1857. "If you can see your way to be agreeable to me, I'll take it quite naturally;—if you can't, I'll think it natural also." Needless, to say, Sainte-Beuve did not see his way. Not even in those private annals of jealousy, his *Cahiers*, the poison-chest of infamy in which he secreted the soiled loves and weary hates of a lifetime, do we find any recognition of the great contemporaries whom he so blithely traduced, purposefully by-passing them on his road to the Academy, the Collège de France, the Ecole Normale, the Senate and the Aristarchan Chair. No wonder the students booed him. I would have booed the little beast myself.

Since reading Sir Harold's book, I have done a certain amount of reading around its hero. I have also re-read much of *Port-Royal* and I agree with Sir Harold that it is a masterpiece—the best that a bourgeois *homme moyen sensuel* who advised the Goncourts to "make the rounds of everything and believe none of it" could do for religion. Yet even here, Sainte-Beuve is a narcissist. He had a genius for entombing other people's lives in his own prose. Once they were safely dead, he could declaim eloquently about them in his famous masturbatory manner. The theology is imperfect, but one can hardly blame Sainte-Beuve for that. Like Sir Harold, he was a rationalist. He considered the subject barbarous, a relic of those dark ages from which the hydrogen-bomb has delivered us.

Paradoxical as it sounds, Sainte-Beuve is really an author for the young. He is a superb impresario, a fussy and misshapen uncle who knows all the right people on both banks of the Seine. Mme Roland of the Gironde, his Eminence Cardinal de Bernis—it is all grist to his mill, and he can whisper enchanting tales about them as he effects the introduction. When I was young, I adored Sainte-Beuve (if this article is intemperate it is because it is written out of a strong spirit of love-hatred that I also possess for Sir Harold's own prose). Sainte-Beuve says things about life which one thinks, when one is nineteen, are extraordinary. And they are extraordinary, up to a point. That point is the point of departure at which sophistication ends and manhood begins. It is not because Sainte-Beuve's life was messy and squalid but because Providence, while endowing him with a magnificent intelligence, had crippled him with great infirmities, that he is no fit guide for life—nor, therefore, for literature either. He is the spoiled priest of the nineteenth century, just as Johnson, one of the world's greatest critics, who transcended far greater infirmities with nobility, is the chosen layman of the eighteenth. Most men, said Emerson, lead lives of quiet desperation. Certainly Sainte-Beuve was a quietly desperate man. His life, as Sir Harold has told it splendidly and compassionately in this book, is a terror and a mystery. Why, we ask, was he made like that, so malformed, so maladjusted, so disastrously unhappy? You may say *lusus naturae*, a freak of nature; but that is merely to shrug off the question. The horrid puzzle remains.

JOHN RAYMOND

Dissenters

The Trouble Makers. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

A. J. P. Taylor is this generation's Bernard Shaw, at once its unrelenting preacher and its irrepressible debater. Every subject has its moral and every moral its refutation. No one, including himself, is allowed to get away with anything. From every opinion there is Dissent; from every Dissent there is another Dissenter. How suitable then that Mr. Taylor should devote the Ford lectures not to foreign policy that was, but to policies that weren't—to the dreams and arguments of idealists and Dissenters from Charles James Fox to Bertrand Russell and Aneurin Bevan. An original and rewarding idea that scores off the Establishment and exposes its critics as almost—but not quite—equally silly.

Mr. Taylor explains that, though his book criticises the Dissenters, it "deals with the Englishmen whom I most revere. I hope that, if I had been their contemporary, I should have shared their outlook. I should not have been ashamed to have made their mistakes." This is the technique of disarmament by self-criticism. He certainly does not wish to identify himself with Dissenters of the don't-let's-be-beastly-to-the-Germans school, whose sins, I think, he exaggerates.

Dissent, Mr. Taylor makes clear, is not to be confused with opposition. A Dissenter is not one who criticises the way the cards have been played but one who objects to the whole game. This, he points out, is a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon attitude, and he might well have analysed the reasons for this, the chief being, I think, that our traditionally insular safety enabled us to choose, or to believe we were choosing, whether to go to war or not, and if so, on which side it was moral or expedient to fight. Mr. Taylor quotes a pundit's opinion that in the last hundred years the only question about British policy has been whether we were on the side of the Germans or the Russians. It is, in fact, possible to read our history as a series of variations on this theme. But the Dissenters were people who believed, like Paine (whose *Rights of Man* I was delighted to find Mr. Taylor thinks "the greatest political disquisition written by an Englishman"), that foreign policy was an aristocratic racket and that wars would cease with the arrival of democracy; or like Cobden (described by Mr. Taylor as "the most powerful reasoner who has ever applied himself to practical politics") who thought we ought to leave off interfering with other people's business; or like Norman Angell, Leonard Woolf, Brailsford, Lowes Dickinson and the rest who began to demand, during the First World War, that we should create a machinery to end international anarchy.

The Dissenters have always wanted to remedy injustice and to keep out of war. Some even supported a big navy because if the big navy was big enough it might deal with the bullies without having to fight them. This attitude is explicable in a country which seemed strong enough to act as world policeman, but it was only possible for people with no wish for power. It led to inconsistencies and charges of betrayal when by accident one of the Dissenters became a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Taylor's lectures, delivered brilliantly, staccato, without notes, make such points; but they retain their epigrammatic, rather inconsequential, quality in book form.

One disadvantage of this treatment is that the framework is inadequately stated. He has not, for instance, analysed the problem of peace and justice. The trite formula is that we can't have peace without justice. It would be slightly more true to say that you can't have peace if you insist on justice. In practice people have to choose between fighting and putting up with evil. Since the Gandhi-ist solution applies only to internal resistance and not to national politics, the Dissenters' reply to the dilemma must be to work for the removal of the injustice before it leads to a war situation. This is, in fact, what the Dissenters usually tried to do, only to find themselves condemned either to support war or to appear indifferent to the cruelty and oppression they had denounced. If Mr. Taylor had discussed this basic problem he would have got less fun but even more value out of his enterprising theme.

Mr. Taylor's fifth lecture is headed "The Great War: The Triumph of E. D. Morel." He starts off with an indefensible statement. Following Winston Churchill, he argues that the issue of the First World War was really decided by the German defeat on the Marne in September, 1914, and then adds that on the same date "an event unnoticed at the time was equally decisive. For it determined that the verdict of the war would not be permanent. This event was the founding of the Union of Democratic Control." This paradoxical statement means that Dissenters, who founded the Union of Democratic Control in order to end the "secret diplomacy" which they believed had led to the war, were responsible for a pro-German policy that led to the Second World War. The members of this nefarious gang included E. D. Morel, Arthur Ponsonby, Charles Trevelyan, Norman Angell, Ramsay MacDonald, J. A. Hobson, Bertrand Russell, Lowes Dickinson and H. N. Brailsford. There were also others, notably J. M. Keynes, who were not members of the U.D.C., but who persuaded the public that the Treaty of Versailles was wicked and disastrous.

There are insuperable objections to this thesis. The first is that it vastly exaggerates the role of the U.D.C. It was not the U.D.C. that prevented the verdict of the Marne from being permanent. The reason why Germany was not permanently defeated was that Germany was a powerful country; it became powerful again after the First World War, not because of the mistaken teaching of the U.D.C., but because British business and the British Establishment, which was shouting wildly in 1919 about keeping Germans permanently in a moral and economic Coventry, were, within a few years, set upon restoring German prosperity in their own interests. It is, of course, true that E. D. Morel and some of his colleagues were foolishly anti-French and pro-German, and it is true that, even after 1933, the reaction against Versailles continued to be of help to Hitler. But it was the Establishment, not the Dissenters, who were the appeasers and, as Mr. Taylor himself points out, it was the Tories, not the Dissenters, who were in power from 1931 to 1940.

The second objection to Mr. Taylor's thesis is that the foolish pro-Germanism of E. D. Morel (who died in 1924) was not the basis of U.D.C. thinking. The title of Lowes Dickinson's *International Anarchy* passed into current language because all the Dissenters were agreed that whoever was most to blame for 1914, war was sooner or later inevitable if Europe remained divided into two hostile blocs. That some of them put too much blame on to the *Entente* and leant over backwards in efforts to remove the grievances which Hitler successfully exploited was not really important. In spite of pacifist divagations, they supported the League both as a method of peaceful change and as the machinery of collective security. They were surely right that Geneva was a more hopeful approach to peace than the policy of France in the Ruhr, Pilsudski on the Elbe and General Morgan presiding over German disarmament. The result of that policy would have been to pre-date the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939.

A third criticism of Mr. Taylor's thesis is that he does not give enough weight to the pervasive pacifism of Britain after 1919. For the first time in history war was as hateful to the Establishment as to the Dissenters. Baldwin and Chamberlain were at one with the I.L.P. Insular security had been transferred to the United States. The argument about being on the Russian collective-security side or the Fascist anti-Communist side was, at root, a class division; in the

case of the Spanish war, blatantly so. But on the main issue of Hitler it was confused at every point by the fact that both the Establishment and the Dissent were primarily concerned to avoid war. The Dissenters, including those who remained in the U.D.C., were absorbed in anti-Nazi (or as Mr. Taylor might prefer to say, anti-German) activity; with the Spanish War and non-intervention (where Mr. Taylor was also cordially with them); and with the influence of the private manufacture of arms (where Mr. Taylor is unclear). The argument of *The Secret International*, published by the U.D.C. in 1932, was that many wars, such as the horror in Bolivia and Paraguay, were only possible because private manufacturers sold arms to both sides. The arms inquiries in London and Washington, both directly inspired by this pamphlet, confirmed this charge. Where the U.D.C. attack on private manufacture went wrong was in assuming that national states would be less warlike if all armaments were nationalised.

At the end of an original and stimulating book, Mr. Taylor recalls that in September, 1939, it was "Amery, Tariff Reformer, Imperialist, old fighter against the Boers," who called on Arthur Greenwood to "Speak for England." He comments "an unexpected tribute to the English Dissenters. Whether they deserved. . . ." He misunderstands, or perhaps forgets. The Dissenters' endeavour was to defeat Fascism without war. War was a defeat for them as well as for Chamberlain. Chamberlain had tried appeasement but was compelled to fight. This was partly due to the pressure of the Dissenters. But the Dissenters did not feel that the war was victory.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Fragments I Have Shored

Leftover Life to Kill. By CAITLIN THOMAS. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

Dylan Thomas's widow has struck those who know her, and also reveals herself in this book, as a compound of opposites: self-centred yet generous, shy yet exhibitionist, tender yet violent, anarchic yet guilt-ridden. She writes, referring to her terrible experiences at the time of her husband's death: "When I look back over this period of outrages, committed by me, and against me, I wonder how much was real, and how much play-acting." Many must have wondered this about her on many other occasions, yet, as she goes on to point out, the play-acting too can be "real." It would seem as if she were a blend of actress and child (or primitive); thus in this autobiographical book, while extremely candid, she seems also at moments to be putting on an act. She is perfectly honest according to her lights—but those lights are internal stage lights. And I cannot agree with the blurb on the dust-jacket that "there is no self-pity in this book"; even its title is a piece of self-pity, and an awkward piece of it at that. I must add that the part of this book (unfortunately the smaller part) which contains her reminiscences of her husband serves as a much needed antidote to John Malcolm Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America*; whatever her limitations, they are not those of Brinnin who in many ways was far from qualified to deal with his subject. There is no doubting the fact that his marriage was central in Thomas's life and that his wife was deeply complementary to him. Together they formed a little island of myth in which, it appears, outbreaks of violence were necessary and a tug-of-war was a bond.

> He was never his proper self till there was something wrong with him; and, if ever there was a danger of him becoming "whole," which was very remote, he would crack another of his chicken bones, without delay, and wander happily round in his sling, piling up plates with cucumber, pickled onions, tins of cod's roe, boiled sweets, to push into his mouth with an unseeing hand, as they came, while he went on solidly reading his trash.

Mr. Brinnin's over-lionising focus would have prevented him not only from writing these words but from seeing this aspect of his hero. And Mrs. Thomas, after some most interesting comments on her father-in-law ("that most unhappy of all men I have ever met"), is one of the few people to make the point that "though Dylan imagined himself to be completely emancipated from his family background, there was a very strong puritanical streak in him, that his friends never suspected; but of which I got the disapproving benefit." The family battle indeed seems sometimes to have taken the form of bohemian Irishwoman *versus* conventional Welsh petit bourgeois, which is why Thomas showed suspicion of his wife's abandon when dancing. These parts of her book should be compulsory reading for those young men who think that Thomas was *primarily* a wild man and that such wildness is necessary to genius.

While Mrs. Thomas's portrait of her husband is far the most vivid in her gallery, she gives striking sketches, and impressively fair ones, of her friends in New York, including Brinnin himself, whom someone more vindictive would either have ignored or vilified. On the other hand she shows hostility towards the Welsh and an occasional contempt for the Italians. Her Italian characters, including her 18-year-old lover, are seen through a subjective nebula but, like the landscape of Elba where she spent the winter a year after her husband's death, make up a strange and on the whole distressing dream, limited, in her own phrase, by "the little horizon of my in-turning world." For this she cannot be blamed; it is clear that she was desperately unhappy and that the dream, a hangover of bereavement, was something that had to be gone through—as also, no doubt, was the putting it down on paper. It is a tribute to her toughness that she redeems its nightmarishness by frequent flashes both of wit and humour. The funniest passage in the book, however, is at the expense of a certain type of rich American.

> They sport a rustic simplicity, string the beans, rough-cast the walls, sprinkle sawdust on the floor; all at vast cost, labour, and inconvenience to everybody; to get, as near as money can bring them, to Christ's stable; provided that the champagne is under the straw.

It would be too much to expect any "philosophy of life" from this lovable but spoilt child, so often turned in on herself and weaving her webs of muddle round both herself and the world; on the whole she exasperates me when she talks about either God or Death, both of whom are treated as nursery ogres who have picked upon this child beyond all others. But in some other generalisations, on a more everyday plane, she is cannily perceptive, as when she slaps at the Italians for their lack of sense of fun or as when, discussing drink, she roundly declares—and I agree with her—that the difference between drinkers and non-drinkers "is more marked than nationality or belief," adding the characteristic coda: "the mere thought of going near a man who is not mellowly pickled, and whose breath reeks of his native fleshy self, is squeamishly unpalatable to me." This book then is a highly personal and often deeply moving document. I am sorry that, instead of telling us so much about the Elba episode, she did not tell us more about her married life (from its beginning perhaps?) with all its frustrations and waste but also with all its comedy, not to say farce, and with all its gaiety, not to say lyricism. As for her literary gifts, she can write very well when she writes more or less as she talks, but is not so successful when she goes in for "prose"—a most peculiar prose at that, which often reads like a bad imitation of her husband's. There are Chinese boxes of parentheses, much disintegration of syntax and sometimes of grammar, occasional misuse of individual words, and—most irritating of all—semicolons scattered from a pepper-mill. I much prefer her when she stays short and slangy or when she strikes out, like a spark, some original and memorable image—"unclean as a leper with my little bell of pain."

LOUIS MACNEICE

The Persecuted Countess

The Unhappy Countess. By RALPH ARNOLD. *Constable.* 21*s.*

Mary Eleanor, born in 1749, the only child of George Bowes, M.P. for Co. Durham, at his death in 1760 inherited a fortune valued at £600,000. Her father wished her to be accomplished in every kind of learning; she took up botany; had a gift for languages and for writing verse; and enjoyed the approval, friendship, and correspondence of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu (not Montague, as Mr. Arnold will have it). "Your extreme rage for literary fame" is singled out by her first husband in his farewell letter. In 1767 she had married John, 9th Earl of Strathmore; the marriage was not happy; and he died in 1776 leaving three sons and two daughters. Common sense, discretion, and judgment were not among the gifts lavished by fate on Eleanor; in widowhood that clever spoilt woman surrounded herself with singularly ill-chosen friends and dependents; formed a liaison with one adventurer; thought of marrying him; and then suddenly, on January 17, 1777, married an even worse Irish rogue, Andrew Robinson Stoney, who under George Bowes's will assumed the name of Bowes. He had previously married an heiress to £20,000; had treated her abominably; and had at her death managed to retain her fortune. Now a very much bigger prize seemed to have come his way; except that, without his knowledge, and apparently while still thinking of marrying the other man, Lady Strathmore had, on January 9 and 10, executed two deeds conveying to trustees the estate in which, under her father's will, she had a life interest: "the effect of a lucid interval", Lord Chancellor Thurlow called it twelve years later.

Stoney Bowes was naturally set on rescinding those deeds; and "by the terrors of personal violence" obtained from the Countess their revocation. But even this did not improve his treatment of her, which grew more and more

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outrageous; "of a very savage and tormenting disposition", he began to practise physical cruelty; at times kept her confined; till at last, in danger of life or of life imprisonment, she managed to escape in February, 1785.

She took legal proceedings: exhibited Articles of Peace against him; a Bill of Complaint to re-establish the ante-nuptial trust deeds; and filed a suit for divorce. While these were taking their protracted course, Stoney Bowes, on Nov. 10, 1786, by an act (to quote the judge) "of as atrocious and daring a nature as ever appeared in a Court of Justice", had her kidnapped in Oxford Street, "to drag her through the heart of the Kingdom 240 miles"; his aim being by force to put a stop to the proceedings she had brought against him. The abduction and pursuit, his stratagems and her sufferings, and the loyalty which the common people in Co. Durham showed in rescuing her, make a lively tale well told by Mr. Arnold. Free once more, she won her suits against him; while he spent the remaining 23 years of his life in prison or "within the prison rules," first for his crime, and next for debts, still trying by legal quibbles to secure some financial advantages.

Extraordinary in itself, the story is rendered even more so by the amount and character of its documentation. Both Lady Strathmore and Bowes had a passion for publicity and an urge to write. It did not perhaps require severe pressure from him to make her write her *Confessions*, published by him when at bay. He habitually used the Press for his manoeuvres, and finished by purchasing an interest in a newspaper in which under various pseudonyms he mildly attacked and vigorously defended himself; while the Countess collected newspaper cuttings concerning herself into albums. Further, Jesse Foot, surgeon, published after Stoney Bowes's death a richly-documented biography "written from thirty-three years' professional attendance." Last but not least, there are the voluminous court proceedings. From these materials Mr. Arnold has compiled a highly readable though painfully unpleasant story. How scholarly and critical it is escapes the reader's judgment, especially as no specific references are given. The general impression, however, is of serious work well done.

Yet on certain matters with which I am acquainted Mr. Arnold seems to rely unduly on secondary authorities, where documentary evidence is available. This, for instance, is his account of Stoney's Army service and first marriage based on Foot's much longer and palpably confused story:

> In 1776 Andrew Robinson Stoney was a half-pay lieutenant in the 30th Regiment which had been disbanded in 1763. He had been promoted Lieutenant in 1770. . . . The 30th, a marching regiment, had been stationed at Newcastle upon Tyne and there Stoney had met and married Miss Hannah Newton. . . .

The 30th Regiment was reduced, not disbanded, in 1763; Stoney, born June 19, 1747, only joined the Army, as Ensign in the 4th Foot, in 1764; he married Hannah Newton on November 5, 1768; the 30th Regiment was then at Gibraltar; he was promoted Lieutenant in December, 1769, and transferred to the 30th Regiment in 1770 as an "additional officer" on half pay.

At a by-election in March, 1777, Andrew Robinson Bowes (as he now was) unsuccessfully contested Newcastle-upon-Tyne; was returned in 1780, but ousted in 1784. Mr. Arnold's account of him in the House, in four lines on page 87, is an unsatisfactory paraphrase of eight lines in Foot (p. 80); more could have been said even without recourse to manuscript materials. But perhaps these matters are outside the scope of Mr. Arnold's work.

More disappointing is it not to find in the book an examination, or even mention, of a story about Eleanor Bowes, which curiously anticipates her later tragic experiences. Mrs. Montagu wrote to Lord Bath from Newcastle on October 16, 1763 (see R. Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu*, i, 65):

> Here has been a most horrid plot to run away with Miss Bowes. A man who was a waiter at Arthurs came into this country and visited a footman of Miss Bowes, and then wrote a letter offering him ten thousand pounds if he wd decoy the girl into the walk at a good distance from the House. The footman gave information to Mrs. Bowes. Sr Thomas Clavering has sent the waiter of Arthurs to prison; it is said he will not confess who set him on upon this business, some say it was a member of Parliament that employd him and there a thousand different stories, but I have not yet heard any authentick account.

And in a further letter without date:

> The affair of Miss Bowes is too true. A wretch who is a member of Parliament and calls himself a gentleman, sent a man who is a famous pimp at the Cardigan's Head into this country to ingratiate himself with Miss Bowes' footman, and to tell him he should have a reward of twenty thousand pounds if he would help to carry off the young lady; that the person who was to marry her was a member of Parliament, and would make a great figure in the H. of Commons this sessions; this footman, you must know, is lover to a woman who was nurse to the young lady, and now attends her as a servant.

Only five days after the proposal was made did they inform Mrs. Bowes; the man from Cardigan's Head refused to confess who had sent him; "all they learn from the letters in his pocket" is that it was "Mr. H."; and Mrs. Montagu repeats that he is a Member of Parliament.

> It is imagined the servants were to carry this young creature off by force, and that the adventurous lover would have so married her perhaps abroad, and have trusted to his agrémens and ways of making himself agreable for her submitting to be his wife, but she is a girl of sense and spirit, and I think he would probably have been hanged for his pains.

The story would seem to deserve a place in a monograph on Lady Strathmore; and if the man behind the plot was an M.P., and if his name did begin with an "H", I think I know the tough who alone was capable of it—politically an interesting figure. Has Mr. Arnold come across no references to the case, and would he not perhaps follow it up for a future edition of his book? Having to deal in the section of the History of Parliament on which I am engaged (1754-90) with 1,967 Parliamentary biographies, I cannot myself do so.

L. B. NAMIER

A Mechanical Prison

The Fourth Way. By P.D. OUSPENSKY. *Routledge.* 40*s.*

A Study of Gurdjieff's Teaching. By KENNETH WALKER. *Cape.* 18*s.*

For quite a lot of people, the years before Hitler's war were still dominated, not by the new Oxford communist poets, but by Central European mystagogues with more or less eye cocked on the mystic East. Politically, this had recently tended to attach itself to the Social Credit theories of Major Douglas (to which, however, also adhered Christians like Eric Gill and T. S. Eliot). A. R. Orage, editor first of *The New Age* and then of *The New English Weekly*, was said to have been mysteriously rejuvenated at the Gurdjieff institute at Fontainebleau, where Katherine Mansfield died. Katherine Mansfield had, one understood, been induced to sleep in the cowshed, Gurdjieff claiming that the odour of cow-dung was a specific for T.B. On the other hand, the Douglasite lunatic fringe, whose organ was *New Britain* (everything in those days was *new*, including, of course, The NEW STATESMAN & NATION), were led by another Slav, Dmitri Metrinovicz, who uttered fearful warnings against cows. These, however, turned out to be merely his way of pronouncing the word "chaos."

Gurdjieff thought and spoke. Ouspensky wrote. In many a Garden Suburb sitting-room, beside the nature cure pamphlets and the outlines of Adlerian psychology, lay a copy of *Tertium Organum* or *A New Model of the Universe*. People were bent on awakening their higher centres, emerging from the prison of mechanicalness, being at one with the One, achieving synthesis and breathing correctly.

There are signs of all this coming back. At the end of *The Outsider*, Mr. Colin Wilson recognised in Gurdjieff the authentic voice of mysticism. Some weeks ago, I noticed in these pages a vast Ouspenskyite treatise from Kingston-upon-Thames. I know of little groups of businessmen who meet weekly to discuss reincarnation, with coffee and biscuits at a moderate charge. And, to be going on with, here are two books largely duplicating each other. Ouspensky also talked. *The Fourth Way* is the record, kept by somebody and re-arranged by an anonymous editor, of numerous little talks and answers to questions. Most of Mr. Walker's book is a summary of what seem to be the same talks, delivered by Ouspensky at a house in Warwick Gardens.

Despite the curious diagrams and dark references to "the system" and to a "school" in St. Petersburg, I am bound to say that I found the opening chapters of *The Fourth Way* mildly stimulating. It was not, it seemed to me, nonsense to make the study of lying the centre of all psychology or to show how far thought, feeling and movement may be autonomous systems, each with its own "will" and its own, confusion-producing speed of operation. It is when we move out into inter-stellar space that I begin to kick.

It is here that the mystagogue has you. In a field which long tradition has made seem respectable, we may not be impressed by any proof of the existence of God. It is, however, quite impossible to prove the non-existence of God. In the same way, the kinds of assertion made by Gurdjieff and Ouspensky (and Steiner and Mme Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant and Jung) are difficult to disprove. They may not commend themselves to us or seem respectable, but then, for all most of us know, Fred Hoyle may be just another bluedomer. In the case of the Law of Seven (the diatonic scale-division of the octave), it is clear

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to me that Ouspensky simply did not understand musical terminology. There is an extended scale (diagrammatised and derived from the musical scale) from which it appears that everything on which we "feed" (including sense-impressions) is a form of hydrogen, more than twelve thousand hydrogens being classified. As it happens, I am not personally in a position to show that this is nonsense, though I suppose it be. The entity "hydrogen" was isolated by chemists and physicists, whose views on the matter would therefore seem to be relevant. If Gurdjieff knew something they did not know, how did he know it? The behaviour of hydrogen under circumstances unknown to Gurdjieff preoccupies us today. Perhaps this proves him to have been prophetic. I do not think it does, but then I am not an initiate. My higher centres are fast asleep.

The fourth way, on the other hand, seems to be the one I already follow, since I am neither a fakir nor a monk, nor yet a yogi. The fourth way is the way of the "sly" man, who lives in the world, assiduously "remembering himself." I do this. I also work on my negative emotions. I am further bound to admit that, since Mr. Walker is or has been a distinguished surgeon, he must have read more science of some kind than I have. *He* swallows all that hydrogen without blinking, though I did, I think, detect some little tendency to assume that the hydrogen in question was not exactly hydrogen.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Rule by Hypocrisy

My Indian Mutiny Diary. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. *Cassell*. 30*s*.

The English are not a cruel race, except in the sense that the law is cruel. We are too hypocritical. Colonies, of course, corrupt their possessors, and we have succumbed along with the rest. Long before the age of Mr. Nehru we developed a double standard of ethics, one for use at home, the other for overseas. Burke and Dalhousie moved in different moral constellations. But our colonial standard, if a low one, was strictly maintained, and significant variations from it rarely went unpunished. We have never, like the Spanish, the French, or other imperialists before them, resorted to blind repression. We have never suspended the law. There is no word for *ratissage* in the English language. Even when faced with armed revolt, as in Cyprus, Kenya and Malaya, we have, broadly speaking, maintained the thin façade of decency which protects our *amour-propre*, and without which the belief that we have a duty to civilise would collapse.

The Indian Mutiny, however, was the great exception. The image of the Well at Cawnpore stirred up depths of savagery in British minds which had lain untroubled since Tudor times. When General Neill recaptured the city he forced his captives to lick clean the bloodstains of the slaughtered Englishwomen, and then hanged them without trial. John Nicholson proposed—mercifully without success—"a Bill for the flaying alive, impalement or burning of the murderers of women and children." Such men were by no means typical of the senior British commanders, but they reflected the mood of the rank-and-file and the hysterical club-wallahs in Calcutta. And for a time, during the first anxious months after the uprising, they had their way. In the summer of 1857 many thousands of Indians, guilty and innocent alike, were butchered without trial, often in circumstances of the most revolting cruelty, and under the eyes of British chaplains.

It is a pity that we have no full record of these weeks by an impartial observer. By the time Sir William Russell arrived, as special correspondent of *The Times*, in January, 1858, victory was in sight and passions were cooling. But his diary, which covers the final recapture of Lucknow and the pacification of Oudh, records his sombre misgivings at the breakdown in British behaviour:

> All these kinds of vindictive, unchristian, Indian torture, such as sewing Mohammedans in pigskins, smearing them with pork fat before execution, and burning their bodies, and forcing Hindus to defile themselves, are disgraceful and ultimately recoil upon themselves. They are spiritual and mental tortures to which we have no right to resort and which we dare not perpetrate on the face of Europe.

Exactly the same sentiments are expressed by Pierre-Henri Simon in his recent book protesting against the use of torture in suppressing the Algerian revolt. Russell, like Simon, believed that his country had an inherent right to rule by virtue of its superior Christian standards, and that this right was forfeited if the standards were debased. He was, in consequence, appalled by the lack of discipline among the British troops and Nicholson's Sikh levies. The story that some Sikhs had crucified and burnt alive one of their prisoners drew from him the shocked and characteristic comment: "There were Englishmen looking on, more than one officer saw it! No one offered to interfere!" The sack and looting of Lucknow, which he saw with his own eyes, dismayed him even more, for here the culprits were red-coated British soldiers.

Russell came to India in search of the British heroism he had found in the Crimea. Instead, he found himself writing despatches deploring the savagery of the reconquest. His distress was all the more poignant in that the Crimea had given him a genuine love for the Army. He was the perfect war correspondent: courageous, well informed, discreet; he knew how to cajole and humour irritable generals, how to get on intimate terms with the licentious soldiery. The Mutiny shattered many of his illusions. One has the feeling, on reading his diary, that he never took to India at all, that he considered it no fit place for a British army. One of his earliest shocks was to see the baggage train—carriages, litters, 150 servants, camels and elephants galore—of what he took to be a millionaire, but which, in fact, turned out to be merely Captain Smith, of the Mekawattee Irregulars, travelling down country. He considered that the meal provided by Headquarters Mess on Christmas Day—everything from truffled fowl to champagne—was quite out of place on a military campaign. India, it seemed to him, was too rich, too overwhelmingly sated in luxury, too boundless in the temptations it offered to the conqueror, to leave even the sternest Englishman uncorrupted. Here were civilian commissioners, a breed of which he had no high opinion, with powers of life and death over hundreds of thousands of trembling Hindus. Here was Major Barrow, "surrounded by his little court of beaten rebels, or expectant zemindars, tossing about estates as large as shires, and whole kingdoms with a wave of his hand, just as Napoleon used to fling away empires."

India placed Russell in a moral dilemma. He was both perceptive and upright, but he shared the prejudices of his age. He left the country with the uneasy feeling that the Indians themselves were less happy under the British rule than under the anarchy which had preceded it. Had he been writing today he would have had no hesitation in recommending the course to adopt. But in 1860, when these diaries were first published, the Englishman's burden was an unchallengeable symbol to a man of Russell's outlook; the stern spirit of Christian duty was too strong for him to advise abdication. So he was forced to fall back, in his concluding remarks, on a general admonition which, however sincere, had little to do with the realities of colonial rule:

> Let us be just and fear not—popularise our rule—reform our laws—adapt our saddle to the back which bears it. Let us govern India by superior intelligence, honesty, virtue, morality, not by the force of heavier metal—proselytize by the force of example—keep our promises loyally in the spirit. . . .

Noble precepts. As the century progressed they became the slogans of empire, so that men mistook them for performance. They became part of the veneer of self-conscious rectitude behind

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JOHN CALDER

which the earthy passions of Victorian society flourished. But with the twentieth century, the process of erosion began, and as the veneer wore thin the myth that to colonise was a moral duty became untenable. We lost our empire at roughly the same rate as we lost our national hypocrisy. Mr. Gladstone bombarded Alexandria in the name of justice and reason, and got away with it. But Sir Anthony Eden found the mechanism of self-deception would no longer work.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Tower in the West. By FRANK NORRIS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Friends. By GODFREY SMITH. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sushila. By GRAHAM MCINNES. *Cape.* 18*s.*

On the Beach. By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Chronicle novels involve the problem of representing the passing of time and the effects of change. Too often the novelist simply puts the characters into cold storage in between chapters and brings them out again—sometimes, if anything, rather younger than before. This, though it anticipates recent physiological experiments which suggest that deep freeze plus long sleep may have a genuinely rejuvenating effect on ageing rats, is not quite what we observe in the laboratory of human relationships.

Another kind of contretemps occurs when you get a narrator telling the story in the first person singular and becoming hypersensitive to the fugitive transience of everything. Both are to some extent present in *Tower in the West*, yet they do not prevent it from being a quite solid, quite interesting, readable enough chunk of modern American sociological fiction, the winner, out of more than 800 entries, of the Harper $10,000 Prize Novel contest for 1957. The tower is a skyscraper in St. Louis built at the beginning of the first world war by Jeff Hanes, brother of George the narrator, also an architect. It is intended to symbolise the achievement and optimism of the period; long before its demolition it has become symbolically cracked and fly-blown.

Jeff is killed off-stage in a motor accident. George insists, not very convincingly, on marrying his abominable widow. For the next twenty-five years he muddles through with a display of that quixotic masochism which you so often find in first-person narrators and ends up happily with the woman he ought to have married, having elided from the rat-race of commerce into teaching. The scene shifts from New York to California to Washington, but St. Louis, with its mixed French, Irish and German population and its mid-Western respectability, is the dominant locale. You get a detailed picture of its social history between the wars and a prevailing impression of an amiable honest author.

Mr. Smith is also concerned with the time problem. He tackles it by some intelligent backtracking. *The Friends* are five middle-aged men who had the same tutor at the university. 'Two are politicians; one is a wordly poet; one a rich Jewish business man; one a feckless man of pleasure. The principle figure is Skeyne, one of the politicians about six inches left of centre. When the story begins he is trying to decide whether to leave his snug £1,500-a-year wife and run off with an American girl, or stay put and become deputy-leader of his party instead of his old friend Scarne, the former working-class intellectual. The roots of his character and career are traced back into the past to explain his eventual decision. Mr. Smith is good at construction; he makes those difficult switches between past and present skilfully and painlessly. He is not so good at characterisation. Skeyne himself, though not exactly dim, being capable of a spurt of sensuality, is sometimes flat enough to pass under a door. No doubt his particular blend of weakness and ability makes him difficult to draw. The writing is crisp with a lot of dialogue. The manner is urbane, with some lapses into the sub-urbanity.

The problem of portraying a painter of genius is one of the novelist's absolute insolubles. When the painter is Sushila, the daughter of an Indian father and an American mother, who dies young, and who never emerges very strongly as a character in her own right, the reader is called upon to perform an act of *credo quia absurdum*, like those metaphysical leaps by which Zen Buddhists solve their existential conundrums. The act is well worth making in this case because Mr. McInnes provides you with a background that positively fizzes. He really does succeed in trapping that teeming quality which is so strong a feature of India. And, unlike so many reporters of tropical scenes, he does not forget the climate. The course of the sweat trickling, as any traveller can confirm, at such an elaborately varied pace over the skin, has seldom if ever been given justice so full as here. If only he had been able to hold fast to the distinct human individualities of his characters, instead of always merging at the drop of a dhoti, this could have been a real and remarkable novel. As it is it gives you a strong curry flavour of India in the Fifties, the most promising country in the world for the emigrant writer.

Mr. Shute sets himself the problem of describing Australia not long after the end of a hydrogen bomb war which has destroyed all life on most of the rest of the globe. He adopts a consequential dead-pan approach which is effective, up to a point. Everybody, including, apparently, the nice American submarine commander and, certainly, the golden-hearted hard-drinking Australian girl he plays about with, is doomed to die of radiation; all have their suicide pills ready to slip under their stiff upper lips. Much of the detail is ingeniously lifelike, yet you feel it will somehow not be quite like this. Verdict: a most salutary but insufficiently apocalyptic tour de force.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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Shorter Reviews

Bertrand Russell—The Passionate Sceptic. By ALAN WOOD. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Mr. Wood gives us an agreeable record of the main events of Bertrand Russell's life—his lonely, precocious and aristocratic childhood; his Cambridge friendships; his opposition to the first world war, which led to the loss of his lectureship at Trinity and his later imprisonment; his life of authorship and of travel; his four marriages; his unorthodox school; his fight with Roman Catholic and other prejudices in the United States, and in old age the world's final recognition that he was a man of genius, deserving, after all, not brickbats but the O.M. and universal gratitude and respect. Mr. Wood's narrative has the merit of genuine affection and appreciation, and he understands enough of mathematical logic to talk sensibly about it.

The book is marred by prejudices which debar him from useful appraisal of Russell's works on politics and sociology. He has strange chips on his shoulders which lead him into making such cracks as that the Fabians "though they failed to exterminate the capitalists of Britain, almost exterminated the class from which the Fabians came." He writes in warm and just appreciation for H. N. Brailsford's editorship of the *New Leader* but, owing to some unexplained chip on his shoulder about this journal (to which he makes a number of unintelligibly snide references) he fails to remark that Brailsford and almost all of the famous writers he mentions as contributing to the *New Leader* became after its demise frequent contributors to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Brailsford indeed was the chief leader-writer and probably chief perpetrator of what he regards as characteristic silliness. The fact is that though Mr. Wood has got the facts right about Russell's books on morals, pacifism, socialism and the rest, he has no understanding of the controversies from which they sprang or the impact they made. Nor could anyone who was more than on the fringe of his subject have spoken of the "small, exclusive group, known as 'The Society' or 'The Apostles'—so exclusive that its existence was supposed to be secret." He clearly thinks of it as an undergraduate discussion society, pretending to be secret, whereas its essence was (and has been until very recently) that its existence was in fact unknown except to its members, that they remain active members all their lives, and that it has been for many years a pervasive influence—indeed one of the most important influences—in this country. That its existence is not now secret (though its membership still is) is highly regrettable.

K. M.

Botteghe Oscure XIX. Ed. MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

This number marks the tenth anniversary of the birth of *Botteghe Oscure*. Even its heartiest well-wishers could scarcely have foreseen that this international literary review, so uncompromisingly dedicated to the art of writing, would not merely survive a decade but actually increase its (never very slender) bulk and add to its linguistic range. At first creative writers from France, Britain, the U.S.A. and Italy appeared side by side. Now there are also German and Spanish sections in alternate issues, and the present volume runs to nearly 600 good, heavy, well-printed pages.

Always the editorial policy has been a wise mixture of enterprise and shrewdness. Established names have added their lustre to the periodical, but scores of young and experimental writers have reason to bless its editor for her discriminating encouragement. Space has never been stinted; entire plays, long *novelle*, whole sequences of poems have given readers something substantial to bite on, something large enough to enable them fairly to assess the quality of an unfamiliar writer. Besides encouragement, the contributors have received handsome cheques; and this is not a negligible but a thankworthy thing. Original writers need enlightened patronage, and here, for once, they get it. *Botteghe Oscure* has never made any concessions to the great mediocre mass of semi-literates. Its appeal is to a

minority, but to a cosmopolitan minority. During a depressing decade it has been a wonderfully welcome reminder that educated human beings still are capable of communicating with one another at a level of high intelligence.

M. B.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,423

Set by Maurice Cassel

A pidgin English dictionary is reported to be in preparation. Competitors are invited to supply definitions in primitive or simplified English for any six of: comprehensive school, block vote, The Secret Service, 3-D, gala performance, City banquet, Glyndebourne, surtax, wage freeze. Entries by June 18.

Result of No. 1,420

Set by L. Clarendon

The usual prizes are offered for a modern version (limit 16 lines) of Thomas Hood's "I remember, I remember" as it might be written by someone looking back on a youth spent as any one of the following: the Débutante of the Year, a Teddy Boy, a Beauty Queen or a Royal Prince.

Report

Thomas Hood felt that boyhood was his golden age; most competitors, however, looked back on wasted opportunities, frivolous debs who failed to catch a husband or chose wrongly, princelings mourning their ignorance of life, elderly coves frowning over the old days of cosh and rock-'n'-roll, beauty queens who let their figures slip—they passed before me like the melancholy victims of some new Belle Dame sans Merci.

Thomas Hunt's Teddy had a good touch of savagery:

> The old shed where we hung the cat,
> The pub two doors away—

and the *cri-de-cœur* from E. B. C. Jones's bathing beauty was nice:

> But now I often wish that I
> Had joined a typing pool.

Another good beauty queen came from Mrs. C. M. Goller, while A. M. Sayers, Stephen Sedley and E. Timperley scored with Teddy Boys. H. A. C. Evans's faded débutante had cruel luck:

> I thought he was a Galahad,
> He proved to be a Louse!

To pick the winners was most difficult, so close was the running. I wish I could echo the Dodo and say, "*Everybody* has won, and all must have prizes." Since that cannot be, I suggest that two guineas each go to Frank Dunnill and Audrey L. Laski, and a guinea each to Goodwill and Tommy the Duffle (although his lively prison verse falters to my ear in its penultimate line). Highly commended besides those already mentioned are Little Billee, and Vera Telfer (beauty queens); D. L. L. Clarke and C. E. Denyer (Teddies); Pug (débutante); and Eileen Tullock (prince).

PRINCE

WE are constantly reminded
Of the place where We were born—
The flags, the fuss, the flunkeys,
The debs upon the lawn,
The mummies and the matchmakers
Who chased Us till We hid,
And the fellows from the papers
Who invented what We did.

WE are constantly reminded
Of Our loathing for it all:
The chatter of the socialites,
The dinner and the ball,
And how We quit and chanced Our arm,
And how it turned out right—
For We now command—in cabaret—
A hundred pounds a night!

FRANK DUNNILL

BEAUTY QUEEN

I remember, I remember
The year I won the prize,
The little judges peeping at
My bosom and my thighs;
I could not wear a stitch too few,
To show my winning form,
But now they've sent me back to school
To gym-slips and the dorm!

I remember, I remember,
The telly and the stage
Bombarding me with offers till
They heard about my age;
I've got to pass the G.C.E.—
It fills me full of spleen
To think I've got more subjects now
Then when I was a Queen.

AUDREY L. LASKI

I remember, I remember
When I was seventeen
They crowned me Miss Llandudno
And Refrigeration Queen.
I ate just what I fancied then,
And always asked for more,
But now, although I'm dieting,
My hips are forty-four.

I remember, I remember
How happy I was then,
How short of money, short of clothes,
But never short of men.
I wear a Norman Hartnell suit,
And walk out with—a Chow:
I never see a man look twice,
And no wolf whistles now.

GOODWILL

TEDDY-BOY

To Gloria, from Jail

Wannit smashin', wannit smashin',
the dump where I hung out;
the Old Man use ter come 'ome cut
and knock me Mum about;
and last night's empties by the stairs
as up ter kip I goes,
and the tin trunk on the landin'
where I put me Teddy clothes.

Wannit smashin', wannit smashin',
The Palais and The Dive.
Remember when I done that bloke
fer askin' yer ter jive?
and The Bug-'ouse every uvver night,
and fags, and Dogs, and beer.
I tell yer, I'm gonna Go The Lot
when I gets out of 'ere.

TOMMY THE DUFFLE

City Lights

No Swallowing

The U.S. Supreme Court is having a wonderful time. It has now decided, by a narrow majority, that du Pont violated the anti-trust laws back in 1917 when it acquired a 23 per cent. interest in General Motors—and so, it alleges, a special advantage in the sale of its products. The immediate question agitating Wall Street is what du Pont is going to do with its 63m shares, worth around $2,600m at the current market price. Selling them—even if it were possible to sell so large a holding within a reasonable space of time—would make the company liable for a 25 per cent. capital gains tax on its profit over the purchase price, and must clearly be ruled out. The shares could, alternatively, be distributed to du Pont's shareholders; but since the General Motors holding falls short of 80 per cent., such a distribution would be reckoned as a dividend, and the tax burden would only be passed on from the company to its shareholders. There are two further possibilities. One is for the du Pont

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Company Meeting

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., was held on May 29 in London.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Godber, chairman, said:—

In the autumn of this year, your Company, which was first registered on October 18th, 1897, will be celebrating its Diamond Jubilee. To mark the occasion a book is in course of preparation, of which on the due date we shall be sending to each shareholder a presentation copy.

The subject we have chosen is the Scallop Shell, which will surely appeal to all who have an interest in the fortunes of our Group, since it is the symbol of our world-wide trade.

The book sets out to reveal some of the lesser known aspects of the history and uses of the Scallop, each of its chapters being the work of a distinguished authority; it will, I hope, provide for its readers a source of enlightenment and entertainment, and a worthy memento of a historic anniversary.

SUEZ CRISIS

I mentioned in my Statement that supplies of oil to Europe had been materially better than could have been reasonably forecast in the emergency caused by the closure of the Suez Canal. Since then, the position has further improved and, with one or two exceptions, all outstanding restrictions on consumption in European countries have now been rescinded. As far as this country is concerned, petrol rationing has happily ended.

For us, the Suez crisis has demonstrated in a very practical manner the strength and resilience derived from the wide spread of our operations. So far as crude oil is concerned, the major areas of production in the world are few in number. In fact, the U.S.A., the Middle East and Venezuela together accounted for almost 90 per cent of the free world's production in 1956. Our Group is well represented in each of these areas; in the year 1956—in round figures—one-fifth of our crude supplies were produced in the United States, two-fifths in Venezuela and one-quarter in the countries of the Middle East. Moreover, quite substantial quantities were also derived from the Far East and from such widely separated countries as Canada, Colombia, Trinidad, as well as the Netherlands and a few other countries. The Group is indeed second to none in the diversity of its crude oil sources.

From these sources Group companies carry their oil supplies for manufacture and sale in almost every country of the free world, and the Group's earnings are divided, broadly speaking, in equal proportions between the Western and Eastern Hemispheres.

Just as the flexibility of the industry enabled supplies to Europe during the past few months to be better than expected, so the flexibility afforded by the Group's world wide resources enabled us to make a major contribution to that achievement.

CURRENT YEAR'S RESULTS

I am glad to say that as a consequence of all this our financial results for the first quarter of 1957 have continued the upward trend of recent years.

Net income for the three months ended 31st March, 1957, amounted to £51.7 million after deduction of estimated taxation for the period; this compares with a figure of £40.7 million for the same period of 1956.

The enhanced income is attributable partly to higher earnings by Shell Oil Company in the United States and to a material increase in output in Venezuela, where production of crude oil available to the Group averaged some 960,000 barrels a day in the first quarter of 1957, compared with some 750,000 barrels a day in the corresponding period last year.

I also referred in my Statement to the study which was being made by members of the international oil industry of the best ways and means of transporting increasing quantities of Middle East oil by pipeline. You will meanwhile have seen the announcement that a further conference on this subject has been held, and that a continuing group has been set up which will give the necesary detailed study to the many intricate problems involved. These will be pursued with as much speed as possible so that the project, as ultimately defined, can be discussed with the appropriate governments.

The report and accounts were adopted

directors to resign from the board of General Motors and for the shares to be transferred to a special trust, run by managers not connected with either company. The other possibility is to get special legislation introduced to deal with the problem.

Beyond this immediate talking-point, Wall Street has to reckon with the fact that the effective scope of the anti-trust laws has been widened. The Supreme Court has taken the familiar, simple precept—thou shalt not swallow thy competitors—and added to it a rider; nor shalt thou push them out of business by taking over their customers and suppliers. Corporation attorneys will be busy.

* * *

There is an unmistakably quixotic air about Rhodesian Selection Trust. The free market price of copper, as of most commodities, tends to fluctuate violently. One of the two groups which produce Northern Rhodesia's copper, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer's Anglo-American, feels at home with these fluctuations; the other, RST, is American-controlled and believes in managed stability. When copper prices were soaring, RST thought of the long-term future, renounced the London Metal Exchange, and quoted fixed (but movably fixed) prices to its customers; Anglo-American took what was going. As prices fell, RST had to lower its fixed price more and more often until the scheme had to be virtually abandoned. But it made its point to this extent, that the two groups are now believed to have reached agreement on a common price for Rhodesian output.

This has happened at a time when a sharp rise in world copper production and a quite unusual freedom from strikes has produced a surplus of the metal, and sent the price below the level which even RST regards as a reasonable long-term minimum. Two high-cost US mines have already closed, and several large US producers have decided to reduce output. RST has now resolved to follow their lead and set an example to the world. It is to cut its production by 10 per cent.—a cut equal to about 1 per cent. of world production which, even when added to the US cuts, will still leave a tidy prospective surplus of copper. Anglo American, however, does not intend to make any voluntary cut in the output of its mines: copper, after all, is quite different from diamonds.

* * *

There is a fresh, interesting tang about the bid for City of San Paulo. The subject is hackneyed—a flourishing company in South America which currency restrictions and the odd behaviour of exchange rates have made something of a wash-out for its British shareholders. The bid has been put forward by a London merchant bank on behalf of a new Panamanian company called Deltec Investment, backed by a number of US financial interests who have already demonstrated their talent for exploiting this kind of situation. Its terms are not particularly unusual—stockholders are offered either the next best thing to cash, a debenture repayable at a premium within five years, or a mixture of long-term debenture and shares in the bidding company.

The tang is provided by Mr. Thorneycroft's Finance Bill. City of San Paulo will qualify without difficulty as an overseas trading corporation. Not only will it be exempt from UK tax on its trading income except when distributed, but overseas shareholders will be able to reclaim the UK tax charged on their dividends. Deltec, with no UK tax to pay, can afford to use its dividend income to pay off quickly the debentures it is offering to present stockholders; if the trick works, it will soon be venturing farther afield. Shareholders in the companies which catch its fancy will have reason to bless the Chancellor: the market valuation of their shares will be fixed not by the net but by the gross amount of their dividend.

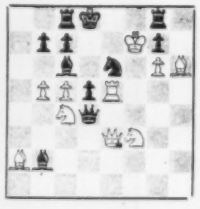
TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 395. M & W

Competitors may well wonder whether the headline stands for a chemical formula, a trade-mark or a mere term of endearment for a couple of film stars or itinerant politicians. It doesn't. It merely indicates that the proper solution of **A**—a mate in 7—will produce the letter M: and that the simple (and ever commendable) process of looking at it from the other side of the board will produce the letter W, and thereby the desirable topical connotation with the Whitsun bank holiday. While 5 ladder-points for this may be just the fair rate for the job I feel quite generous in offering 6 for **B**. No diagram is required for this little poser of Sam Loyd's. Just put up the basic position and then, by means of 17 legal moves (naturally involving an appropriate amount of slaughter), try to reach a position with merely the Kings left at e2 and e7 respectively. **C** may well be called a multi-purpose problem, remindful of one of those gadgets so dear to female shoppers: the sort of thing that can be used as a pencil at one end and a lighter at the other, apart from serving as a lipstick, a toothpick, and, for all I know, as a back-scratcher too. This problem, after the proper key-move and according to which of five possible answers is chosen by Black, can be either a stalemate in 2, or a suimate in 2, or a sui-stalemate in 2, or (in two cases) a mate in 2. I offer 2 ladder-points for the key-move and an additional point for each of the five variations. **D** is the suimate, traditional in a holiday piece: and since the great Prof. Berger, a connoisseur if ever there was one, called it "diabolical" it may be no bargain for 8 points, but for my helpful hint that the White K has to walk all the way round to c7 before returning to immure himself for the kill. It's a suimate in 21 which (for the benefit of the uninitiated) means that it takes 21 moves for White to force Black to mate him.

A: E. B. Cook 1910



E, a win for White, is a witty piece, but I mustn't give any helpful hint if I am to rate it as highly as 6 points; to say nothing of F, a draw and a most elegant one too, even though overrated by the 10 points required to reach the usual grand total of 45, garnerable during a holiday weekend.

C: N. Höeg

D: Josef Krejcik 195

E: Alois Wotava 1953

F: A. Kusnetsov

Usual prizes. Entries by June 17.

REPORT on No. 392. Set May 18

A: (1) . . . Q-Kt2 ch; (2) Kt-Q5 ch! etc.
B: (1) R x R, K x R; (2) K-Kt2, P-R4; (3) K-B3, P-R5; (4) K-Kt4!, P-R6; (5) K-R4, P-R7; (6) P-Kt4, P = Q; (7) P-R5 mate.
C: (1) P-Q7, K-R4!; (2) P-B7!, R-QB3; (3) P-B8(R!), R-Q8 (4) P = R! (P = Q?) etc.
if (2) P = Q?; R-R3 ch; (3) K-Kt1, R-R8 ch etc.

Quite a few stumped by **C**, even so nearly a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by I. Avinery, W. H. L. Brooking, E. W. Carmichael, R. C. Chaturvedi and The Rev. E. Giles whose entry reached me just in time from New Zealand.

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P.S.

Harold Ingham (rather to his own surprise) has still a few places vacant in his last party to ROME-ATHENS-KNOSSOS-DELPHI-VENICE: August 30-September 20—22 days for 76 gns. inclusive. He has also a total of 7 places to spare in the last three "Musicians Tours" to Austria (including tickets for "Figaro," "Fidelio" and "Elektra") 14 days—43 gns.

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CARINTHIA. August. 14 days from £30, inclusive travel, hotels and optional course in German. Details from J. Galleymore, M.A., College of Technology, Portsmouth.

FLY to enjoy mountain air or sea breeze at good hotels Austria, Northern Italy July 22 to August 5 or longer. From £38 all-in. Majorca July 13-28, £45 (air travel). E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11. BAY. 5916.

VAN GOGH. Dear Theo, Colour and light of Arles excellent for painting with Paul Benedict, sincerely Vincent. Leaflet, 1st Floor, 13 Panton St., S.W.1. (TRA. 2592.)

STOP Press. Carinthia. 3-4 vacs. Parties July 28, Aug. 11. Warm lakes, mtn. walks, excursions Italy, Yugoslavia. 15 days, 28gns. T. Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, S.W.16. POL. 2230.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CONTEMP. furn. flatlet. Sep. entrance. Tel., cent. heat., C.H. & C., frig., pleas. sit. adj. Heath bus stop. Long lease only. N.6. Box 2970.

YNG. couple wish let July 15-Sept., 7 8-rmd. furn. house. Highgate. Gdn., children welcome. Reas. Box 2992. MOU. 0944.

BLUTHNER Grand in large sitt.-rm., large dble. bedrm., use kit., bath, frig. Pleas. pri. hse. Would suit 2 girls. £4 p.w. for two, £3 10s. for one. FIN. 5507 evgs.

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MOD. 2-rm. flat, new dec., lge. living, excel. kit.-dining, good htg. arrangements, c.h.w., own tel. View, top of Campden Hill. Pref. vegetarians. 6½gns. PARk 9161.

FURN. rm. in large flat, Battersea Park. Gentlemen only. Easy access Westminster/Chelsea/Victoria/W.End. MAC. 5041.

FURNISHED flat, bath. West Indian home. 163 Nelson Rd., N.8. 4gns.

ATTR. Divan room. Ckg. facs. H. & C.W. Russian spoken. £2 15s. p.w. CHI. 9038.

ANOTHER new furn. flat 5 mins. Richmond Stn. Suit two sharing. 3 rooms, own bath, lavatory. 4½gns. BUShey 1911.

HAMP. Hth. lge. rm. (wom. prf.), h. & c., c. h., ckr. 3gns. HAM. 2138 aft. 7.

UNIV. Lect's. furn. cottage Hampstead avl. Sept.-Jan. 8gns. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

LARGE bed-sit., own cloakroom adjoining. Cen. htg., h. & c., use of kitchen. Cleaned daily. Single person or couple. Tel. HAM. 1836.

DORCHESTER-on-Thames. Comfortable Caravan. 2 double berths, separate Elsan, private grounds fishing. To let before August 5 or after Sept. 14. Box 3101.

FURNISHED flat to let. London. August. Box 2972.

DULWICH. Lge. div. room with contemp. furn. & splendid view. Ckg. fac. & hidden sink. Use tel. & bath. 3 gns. FOR. 1374.

NW.2. Small furn. flat (2 rms.), ckg. fac., tel., use bathrm., quiet tenants. Garage opt. (let separately). Box 3003.

LGE. sgle. furn. rm., N. Lond. Use tel. linen, bath, etc. Ckg. fcs. STA. 5085.

FLAT vacant July 7-Sept. 7. Sleep 4. Garden. Highgate. 8½gns. Box 3147.

BACHELOR graduate (27) seeks similar to share shabby garret Holland Pk. from June 24. £3 p.w. Box 3045.

FLAT, furnished and s/c. Frig., newly decorated, for 2 persons, nr. Finchley Rd. tube & buses. N.W.6. 8gns. Box 3128.

DOUBLE bed-sit. room to let, use bathroom and kitchen. PAD. 8140.

FURNISHED flats, recently converted, contemporary. Own kitchens. 3gns., 4½gns., 6gns. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

LARGE bed-sitter, use kit. & bath, in prof. woman's flat. W.9. CUN. 3531.

ASHDOWN Forest 20 mls., hol. chalet slp. 4 5, 5 min. shops/buses. Stream & pool, own lge. grnds. 5gns. wk. Aug. Box 3106.

CORNWALL. Sunny divan apartment overlooking Michael's Mount. Kitchenette, bath, garden entrance. Near sea, buses. Equipped 1-2 persons. Also flat, lovely outlook. Equipped 5. Box 3133.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat. Mod. cons. Lovely view Fowey harbour. Available till July 20; Sept. 30 onwards. Box 3131.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Furn. cottage, close sea, mod. con., sleep 4-5. July £9, Aug. £10, Sept. £8, Oct. £7. Box 2933.

HOLIDAY Exchange. House in London (acc. 5, big garden) against similar acc. nr. mountains, lakes/seaside. Aug. Box 3143.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

2 Professional Gentlemen, sharing, require self-contained furnished or unfurnished flat end of June. Anywhere in or within reach London considered. RIV. 2333 evenings. The Brook Studio, Stamford Brook, W.6.

ACTRESS seeks quiet room in private house. Preferably N.W. Box 3097.

HOLLAND Park area. Quiet, comf., furn. accom. reqd. by two nurses. Box 3122.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

HUNGARIAN refugee music student (violin practice), wife, baby due end June, need London accom., income limited but regular. Schummy, 82 Corringham Rd., N.W.11.

PROFESSIONAL couple require small flat/rooms London, August-September, Bloomsbury preferred. Box 3163.

YOUNG man wishes to live as paving guest with family. Own room essential. Lunch out Monday to Friday. Box 3213.

CAREFUL prof. family wish to rent London home, July 6 to mid-Aug. Box 3047.

BUSINESS Exec. & family urg. req. 2/3-bedr. furn. flat. L. A. B., GER. 9050.

DESPERATE young couple seek unf. flat N.W. London. Good refs. Box 2953.

WANTED buy unfurn. 2-room flat in/nr. London. Box 2929.

WELL furn. s.c. flat, good locality; careful tenants; Indian doctor, wife, daughter (also doctor) and teenage dtr.; on holiday; modern k. & b., pref. first fl./lift; 4-8 wks., from July 7. Box 3051.

RETIRED Indian Government official and wife require unfurnished accommodation London. Unable pay large sum but willing undertake light duties. Box 3028.

PROF. couple with baby sk. furn. flat pref. Hampstead area. FIT. 0514 evgs.

WANTED. Indian student and his English wife (student) expt. baby, want a furn. flat pref. in central or N.W. London. Please write Box 3180.

PROFESSIONAL woman (full-time hospital appointment) seeks small cottage/flat with garage if possible, central London or very near. Long let. Box 3178.

PROF. engineer seeks small s.c. flat, convenient Liverpool St. Box 3160.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

FURNISHED Flat, West Kensington. 2 rooms and kitchen. 5gns. p.w. Box 3179.

COMF. furn. 3-bedrm. house, phone, frig. N. London Garden Sub., 25 mins. Holborn, 10 mins. walk tube. About 8gns. Box 3120.

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FURN. small house. Private bathing. 5 gns. Long let. Marsh Farm, Salcot, Maldon, Essex.

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SPACIOUS riverside flats for sale. Kingston £3,250. Garages. Chigwell Estates, 17 Dorset Sq., N.W.1.

TWO-storey modern semi-detached house exclusive area Dublin. £3,500. Transferable loan. Box 3088.

MODERN Bungalow overlooking Bantry Bay. Garage for two cars. Particulars, Rendell, Castletownbere, Co. Cork.

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SMALL contemporary house, built for architect 1954 nr. woods. Visually spacious; labour-saving; cent. heatg., exceptional lounge, sep. dining-room, 3 beds. & den. Garden mostly tamed. Garage space. Convenient tube. £4,550 freehold. BARnet 1266.

RYE, centre. Small Tudor house, modernised, 3 bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, garden. £2,650. Box 3190.

TWO s.c. flats for sale, v.p. one, four rooms, k. & b. Good district, three minutes electric train service City and West End. Details extension 820, Harrods Estates.

1 HR. Victoria, country cottage, lovely views. Suitable home & income. 4 recep., 6 bed., 2 kit., 2 bath. Rayburn. Calor. All mod cons. Quick sale £2,750. West Ash 363.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. The freehold dwelling house known as "Porthmeor," comprising 7 bedrooms, bathroom (immersion heater), 3 reception, kitchen (Aga Agamatic), large garden and outbuildings, now used as a Guest House, vacant possession on completion. Apply Owner at the above address.

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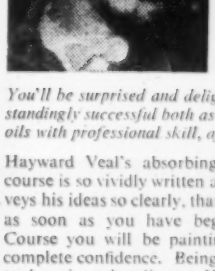

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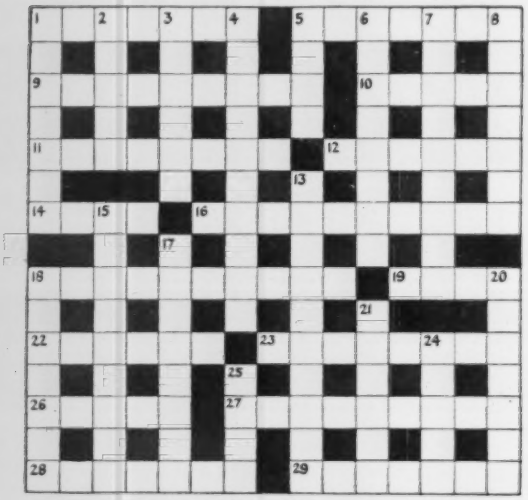
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 254, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 18.



ACROSS

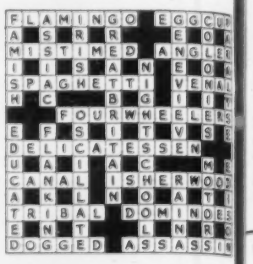
1. Because a dynasty is taking shape (7).
5. Stand up crookedly for a housewife's help (7).
9. Quarrel with a conservative concerning a type of tenure (9).
10. Take part in seven terrible events (5).
11. Recluses before little ones (8).
12. Showing address (6).
14. Critical moment for the evil one (4).
16. Homeric hero whose mother appears in the clues disguised (10).
18. A god's wife makes a politician strike before a religious ceremony (10).
19. The explorer sounds like a flyer (4).
22. Part of the defences for a defensive player (6).
23. Happened to a one-time army and England captain (8).
26. Name I bewail on looking back (5).
27. Film of Satan's destruction featured in the continent (9).
28. If rebuilt, the town might be near him (7).
29. Abandoned, so with nothing in the implement (7).

DOWN

1. Football team without a thirteen (7).
2. There is nothing in the plan to cause excitement (5).
3. A chemical substance, I looked after the children (6).
4. Fruit for a third (10).
5. Times are bewildering, by the sound of it (4).
6. This novelist shows the lands in turmoil (8).
7. It is a shame about the lake and river here in Scotland (9).
8. Creatures of the sea spoil the entries (7).
13. How to make Fletcher an important member of the team (10).
15. Stars in romantic island trash (9).
17. If going climbing live in a comfortable place (8).
18. Country included in the territorial ban I advocate (7).
20. The country for a study of currency (7).
21. "Who hesitate and life away" (Arnold) (6).
24. Means of catching a girl with a ring (5).
25. Prize for a hymn without saint in it (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 252



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 252

Hans Schmoller (West Drayton), D. A. MacKechnie (Girvan, Ayrshire), H. Rabinowitz (London, S.W. 13).

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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H-BOMB Special Number of Labour Monthly (June) contains: "Nuclear Nihilists" (R. Palme Dutt); "H-Bomb for Adenauer?" (Gordon Schaffer); "The Rats of Bikini" (I. Montagu); "The Mourning Vigil" ("A Woman in Black"). Also "Thoughts on Engineering" (J. R. Scott); further new poems by Mao Tse-tung. 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

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Salary—£700 to £1,000
(Placing according to qualifications)
CEMA requires an ART SUPERVISOR. It is essential that applicants for this post should have a good artistic background with some training in Art or an allied subject. The main duties of this officer will be to assist the General Secretary in the organisation and mounting of Art Exhibitions, Art Film Tours, Competitions, etc., but there will also be duties which will not necessarily be confined to the art side of CEMA's work. The work will entail a fair amount of travelling throughout Northern Ireland and will be largely of a practical nature. It is very desirable that the Art Supervisor should be able to give informal lectures on exhibitions. For further details and application form please apply to the General Secretary, CEMA, Tyrone House, Ormeau Avenue, Belfast. Closing date for applications, MONDAY, July 8, 1957.

CONTINENTAL TICKET CLERK
fully experienced in rail and air bookings required by expanding West End Travel Agency. This is an excellent opportunity for a qualified person with ample scope for advancement. Free continental holiday secured this year. Please give details of previous experience and salary required to Box 3031.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1957; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1957. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1957 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London):—Experimental Officer. Minimum £925 (women £853); Men's scale maximum £1,135. Assistant Experimental Officer. Starting pay £365 (at 18) up to £655 (women £632) at 26. Men's scale maximum £805. Women's scales are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/57. Interview Boards arranged at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

H.M. TREASURY: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least two posts of Economic Assistant. The appointments are initially for five years (or less by arrangement). Age at least 21 and preferably under 30 on July 1, 1957. Candidates must have at least a Second Class Honours degree in Economics or a related subject. Applications will be considered from those taking their degrees this summer. Salary (according to age and experience): £605—£1,055 (men); £605—£980 (women). Women's pay being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. F.S.S.U. applies. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4715/57/8. Completed application forms should be returned by June 19, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Sports Sub-Editor in News Division. Required to assist in preparation of sports bulletins and supply of items to sound and television news bulletins. Applicants should have sound journalistic knowledge of sport and be able to compile comprehensive summaries of sport from material supplied by news agencies. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.218 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY Professor, Social Sciences, requires immediately live-wire, reliable, mobile research assistants, over 21, either sex, politically interested though not doctrinaire. Apply during Whitsun, Box 3184.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT of Uganda. Male Labour Officer, between 30 and 35, required to control conditions of employment, assist in conciliation work; take part in establishment and operation of industrial relations machinery. University degree desirable, but non-graduates with, preferably, some academic qualification relevant to labour problems considered. Experience of administration and organisation, preferably with persons in employment, essential. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £879 to £1,617. Outfit allowance. Quarters at low rental. Free passages, tour of service 30-36 months. Generous home leave. Low Income Tax. Further partics. and appl. forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, quoting BCD.132/9/04. Closing date for receipt of initial enqs. June 21, 1957.

FIFE County Council. Organisation and Methods. Applications are invited for Appointment as organisation and Methods Officer. The successful candidate will be attached to the County Clerk's Department and will be the head of an Organisation and Methods section which is being established to provide a service for all departments of the Council. Applicants should have experience in the operation of an Organisation and Methods Department and hold appropriate professional or other qualifications. Salary commensurate with the duties and responsibilities to be undertaken but not less than a scale commencing at £1,500 per annum. Housing accommodation may be provided if required. Medical examination for admission to Superannuation Scheme. Interviews may be arranged to take place in London or elsewhere. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications, etc., and accompanied by copies of recent testimonials, to be lodged with the undersigned not later than June 30, 1957. No canvassing. Matthew Pollock, County Clerk, County Buildings, Cupar, Fife.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Fellow in the Department of Social Philosophy. Other things being equal, preference will be given to a person whose main interests lie within the field of Political and Social Theory, but this is not decisive and the University will be glad to receive applications from philosophers who desire to carry on research in other branches of philosophy. Applicants are expected to have had experience in post-graduate work. Salaries of Research Fellows are at present within the range of £A.1,224—£A.1,824, but the Council of the University is at present reviewing all University salaries. The appointment will be for three years, with a possible extension to the maximum of five years. Reasonable removal expenses will be paid, and superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern is provided. Further details should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in Australia and London on July 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for a Lecturer in English. The successful applicant will be required to assist with the teaching of Old and Middle English and the History of the English Language, up to the standard of the Honours B.A. and to give general assistance with the work of the Language side of the English Department. Competence in Phonetics or Old Norse will be an additional recommendation. The salary scale is £850×£50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man at present £234 per annum). Applications with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department of English should be obtained), not later than July 15, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Structures in the Department of Civil Engineering. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575×£50—£2,175 (man) or £1,200×£40—£1,680 (woman) together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should preferably be graduates of a British University, corporate members of either the Institution of Civil Engineers or the Institution of Structural Engineers and have had teaching experience at University level. Preference will be given to those with experience of Reinforced Concrete Design. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is June 30, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA. University of Adelaide. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Social Case Work. Applicants should hold a University degree and a recognised qualification in professional social work. The duties comprise lecturing with some responsibility for individual tutorials and field work placements. The salary scale is £A.1,200—£A.80(70)—£A.1,750 per annum, with superannuation on the F.S.S.U. basis. A copy of the general conditions of appointment of lecturers in the University and a separate statement about this post, with particulars of the information to be supplied by candidates, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, or from the Registrar. Applications should reach the Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than July 15, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Geography. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575×£50—£2,175 (man) or £1,200×£40—£1,680 (woman) together with an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should preferably be graduates of a British University and have had suitable teaching experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is June 30, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to a post of Lecturer on the staff of the Department of Mathematics. Special qualifications in, and the ability to lecture on, Statistics are essential. Duties are to be assumed on September 1, 1957, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post of lecturer is on the scale £850×50—£1,200 per annum, plus a temporary cost of living allowance, at present at the rate of £234 per annum, in the case of a married man. Membership of the University Institutions' Provident Fund is compulsory. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is eligible for membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in South Africa and London on July 25, 1957.

LECTURER in the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in the School in some branch of Tropical Medicine including experimental medicine, clinical medicine, parasitology, entomology or hygiene. The lecturer will be a member of the home establishment, but will be expected to serve in the tropics in a selected station or in a University or similar institution. The appointment will be made for five years in the first instance. The salary will be within the range of that for Lecturer Grade II (clinical) with F.S.S.U. allowances, the starting point being determined by qualifications and experience.

Applicants must be medically qualified and should have had previous experience in their chosen field. Experience in the tropics is desirable but not essential. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties as early as possible during the session commencing October 1957. Applications, including the names of two referees, should be forwarded to the Administrative Secretary, Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, Pembroke Place, Liverpool 3, by August 31, 1957. Further details may be obtained from the Administrative Secretary.

LEICESTER Nos. 3 & 4 Hospital Management Committees. The Carlton Hayes, Glenfrith and Towers Hospitals. The Joint Management Committees propose to appoint to a vacancy in their area psychological service, which serves the needs of the Towers (Mental), Carlton Hayes (Mental) and Glenfrith (Mental Deficiency) Hospitals and Associated Out-patient Clinics, a Clinical Psychologist (Probationer) to serve initially under the supervision of a Senior Psychologist. Applicants should have an Honours Degree with Psychology as a main subject or other approved qualification. The appointment will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and the passing of a medical examination. The working week will be divided between the Hospitals and duties will be appropriate to the nature of their in-patient and out-patient work. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council Circ. P.T.A. 39, £550×£25—£625 during probation; then £700—£975. Requests for application forms should be sent to the Group Secretary, The Towers Hospital, Humberstone, Leicester, by June 30, 1957.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for posts of Child Care Officers, salary within A.P.T. I scale (£543 5s. to £625 5s.) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by June 17, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for appointment to research staff of Institute of Social and Economic Research from persons with good honours degree in economics and interest in economic analysis. Investigations may be made in any part of the British Caribbean territories. Appointment will be in one of the following grades according to qualifications and experience. Junior Research Fellow £750×50—£850 p.a. Research Fellow £900×50—£1,200×50—£1,600 p.a. Senior Research Fellow £1,300×50—£1,900 p.a. Child allowance. F.S.S.U. Unfurnished accommodation at rental of 5% basic salary or allowance in lieu. Duties to be assumed as early as possible. Appointment for 3 years in first instance. Passages for appointee and family (maximum 5 passages). Applications (6 copies) detailing qualifications and experience and naming 3 referees by June 29, 1957, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. High Wycombe College of Further Education (Principal: W. J. Davies, J.P., B.Sc.). Required for September 1, 1957: (i) Assistant Grade B (woman graduate) to teach English including speech training to students of the full-time Secretarial and Commercial Courses. Candidates should state what other relevant subjects they are able to offer and though previous teaching experience would be an advantage it is not essential. Salary—£580×£20 to £820 per annum plus equal pay increments and allowances for degree and training. (ii) Assistant Grade A (man or woman) to teach Shorthand and Typewriting to students in the full-time and part-time Secretarial and Commercial Courses. Candidates should state what other relevant subjects they are able to offer. Salary—£475×£25 to £900 per annum for a man and £430×£20 to £720 plus equal pay increments for a woman. Allowances for a degree and training would also be paid if appropriate. Application forms may be obtained from the Principal, College of Further Education, Queen Alexandra Road, High Wycombe, to whom they should be returned within ten days of the date of the appearance of this advertisement.

MASSEY Agricultural College (University of New Zealand), Palmerston North, New Zealand. Principalship. The Council of Massey Agricultural College invites applications for the position of Principal which becomes vacant on December 31, 1958, through the retirement of Professor G. S. Peren who has been Principal of the College since its establishment in 1927. Salary £2,460 per annum (New Zealand currency) plus free house. Applications close on September 16, 1957. For furuther information and for the conditions of appointment apply by air mail to the Registrar, Massey Agricultural College, Palmerston North, New Zealand.—C. C. Yates, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from graduates for the appointment of a Staff Tutor in Economics and Industrial Relations, which may be made in the grade of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer. Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £700 to £850; Lecturer £900 to £1,300 to £1,650; plus superannuation and family allowances. Conditions of appointment and form of application which should be returned not later than Friday, June 21, from the Registrar.

GOVERNMENT of Hong Kong. 1. Features Writer, 2. Production Officer, for Public Relations Office. Qualifications. 1. and 2. Good general education up to matriculation or equivalent level and 1. Sound basic training in the editorial department of a trade or educational publishing house or on a popular magazine specialising in "achievement" articles in which the recipe is readability combined with solid research. Eight to 10 years' experience; 2. Sound training in an advertising agency or publicity department of a big organisation. Advantageous for candidates to have had vocational education and passed the examinations of, for example, Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising. Eight to 10 years' experience in commercial work. Age limits. 1. and 2. Between 28 and 35. Duties. 1. Writing of pamphlets, press articles, special editorial features, etc. 2. To take charge of production and distribution of all forms of visual publicity. Candidates must have creative ability in ideas and layouts, etc.; be able to prepare roughs and visuals for use by artists, painters, etc., and supervise all forms of advertising and production by outside agencies such as art work, blocks, print, etc. Terms of Appointment. 1. and 2. On agreement for 3 years with emoluments in the scale £1,579-£1,861 p.a. plus cost of living allowance. Gratuity on satisfactory completion of agreement. Free passages. If available quarters provided at rental. Free Medical attention. Generous leave. Taxation at local rates. Apply to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, S.W.1. State age, qualifications and experience. Quote 1. BCD 148/51/04 and 2. BCD 148/51/03.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential; industrial background an additional qualification. Further particulars may be obtained before June 25 from Sir Vincent Tewson, T.U.C., 23-28 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHEMICAL Engineers—British Guiana.—Two graduate chemical engineers required for operation of large alumina plant presently under construction. These positions mean getting in at an early stage on a large company with international affiliations and opportunities for advancement are therefore excellent. The alumina plant is an addition to a mining and kiln drying operation situated in a large and pleasant community. Semi-furnished houses of modern construction, staff club, swimming pool, tennis courts with other amenities and benefits available. Prefer married men aged 25-35; top salary and periodic home leaves. Write to Northern Aluminium Co., Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

SENIOR Chemical Engineer, Jamaica. A qualified chemical engineer with 5-10 years' production experience is required for rapidly expanding chemical industry. Basic training will be given so that successful candidate can learn operation. He will then be expected to assume a position of considerable responsibility. Top salary commensurate with experience. Age 30-40. Three months home leave every three years. Write Box Y.347, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Senior Educational Psychologist (full time) reqd. in Child Guidance Centre, 42 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W.5. Present post is the senior post in Ealing and psychologist appointed will have an office in the Borough Education Office. The Senior Educational Psychologist acts as adviser to the Borough Education Officer in regard to arrangements for the secondary transfer examination. Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent. Recognised clinical training, teaching experience & previous experience as an Educational Psychologist desirable. Salary Soulbury II, £1,150-£1,400 (male), £1,075 15s.-£1,292 12s. (female), plus further equal pay adjustments. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous experience in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent, prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd., add., f'scap env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by June 29. (Quote V246, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Reqd. at Tottenham Child Guidance Centre. (a) Educational Psychologist. Salary, Soulbury II, £1,150—£1,400 (male); £1,075 15s.—£1,292 12s. (female) plus further "equal pay" adjustments. Recognised clinical training, teaching experience & previous experience as an Education Psychologist desirable. (b) Psychotherapist. Salary, £1,150—£1,400 (male); £1,075 15s.—£1,292 12s. (female) plus further "equal pay" adjustments. Recognised training &/or experience in therapy; membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists desirable. Both posts: Honours degree in Psychology or equivalent. Appointment may be made at intermediate point on scale having regard to previous experience in similarly graded posts with other Local Education Authorities. Permanent. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by June 19. (Quote V.211, NSN.) Canvassing disqualifies.

SOCIAL workers required as Temporary Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £528 (at age 24)—£705. Application forms and details from the Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1 980), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by June 17.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitors. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for vacancies due to increased establishment. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II, £609 17s. 6d.-£691 17s. 6d., plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold University qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Additional salary increment to holders of Home Office Certificate. Male applicants qualified to supervise senior boys may be considered for Grade A.P.T. III. Further particulars from the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications June 15, 1957.

FAMILY Service Units' pioneer service for "problem families;" developing rapidly with official support, has vacancies for social workers in London and several provincial cities. Exacting but rewarding work, affording unique experience and thorough training in family casework. Social science training and previous experience of social work desirable but not essential. Resident and non-resident posts, for men and women. Non-resident scale £425/£25/£650; children's allowances; pension scheme. A few senior posts, with wide scope and interesting prospects, at higher salaries, available for suitably qualified and experienced caseworkers. Write to Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Recuperative Centre for Mothers and Children at Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29 (under the control of the Committee of the Middlemore Homes), has a vacancy for a Further Resident Member of Staff. The work of the Home is an experiment in family rehabilitation. Mothers with family problems come into residence with their young children for periods of up to four months for rest and training in home management and family care. Applicants should have a social study qualification and be interested in, and capable of, co-operating with a team of trained workers in all the activities of the Home in connection with the families in residence, and also families recently returned to their own homes. Fathers are resident at weekends. The work offers good opportunities for a worker anxious to gain experience in one of the newer branches of social work concerned with the prevention of child neglect and family break-up. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne. Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in this Department, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from October 1, 1957. Salary £400 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom three copies of application, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted not later than July 1, 1957. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

CAMBRIDGE House: Applications are invited from single men for the residential post of Assistant Director of Group Activity, which will be vacant on September 1. The salary is £200 per annum, plus board and accommodation valued at £234 per annum. The appointment will be for not more than two years, and offers practical experience to a young man taking up social service as a career. The duties will include helping with the running of the Boys' Clubs and Community Centre, with special responsibility for the Old People's Clubs, together with routine administration and accounts. Application forms from the Head of Cambridge House, 131, Camberwell Road, S.E.5.

FIELD Officer required for youth club work in Hertfordshire. Flat available. Scope for interesting developments. Application form and particulars from the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

WARNEFORD and Park Hospitals Management Committee, Oxford. Applications are invited for a second Psychiatric Social Worker. Candidates must hold a Mental Health Certificate recognised by the A.P.S.W. Whitley Council conditions of service and salary scales. Possession of a car is desirable and mileage allowance is payable. The Warneford is a mental hospital of 150 beds with special facilities for clinical investigation and research and has a high discharge rate. The Park, an hospital for neuroses, has 34 in-patient beds and an active out-patient department for adults and children. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications, experience and age, with the names of two referees, to the Physician Superintendent, Warneford Hospital, Oxford, not later than June 25.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser in Health Division 5 which comprises the boroughs of Bethnal Green, City of London, Poplar and Stepney. Salary scale £564 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) rising to £705. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from the activities of the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars and application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E.1. Closing date June 17. (993.)

COVENTRY Education Committee. Boarding Home for Maladjusted Children. Warden and Housekeeper required for home for about 17 maladjusted children. Warden's post carries Burnham Scale Salary for qualified teacher. Possibility of joint appointment. Housekeeper's salary, N.J.C. Miscellaneous Scales Grade II (£404 17s. 6d. —£471 10s., plus £26 p.a. in certain circumstances). Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

MEN interested in educational and therapeutic work invited to apply for resident post in small community devoted to remedial work with psychologically disturbed people. Applicants should preferably but not necessarily have had teaching experience in one of the arts or crafts, should have strong interest in Jungian psychology and be willing to take part in communal manual work. Duties are strenuous but experience to be gained rewarding. Salary in accordance with qualifications and exper. Applicants over 25 years of age write for details to Withymead Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

READING Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance team. Salary and conditions in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (qualified) required at the East London Child Guidance Clinic. Whitley Council salary scale and conditions of service. This clinic has a psycho-analytic orientation and it is preferred that intending applicants be actively interested on this account. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

PEDRO Street Settlement, London, E.5. Reqd. Sept., man leader (full-time) or couple (both part-time) for active mixed youth club, mems. 100 plus. Would suit teacher with youth experience. Sal. £500 p.a. House available, low rent. Applications stating training, experience, immed. to Mrs. Walter Elliot, C.B.E., 17 Lord North Street, S.W.1.

NETHERNÉ Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Occupational Therapist, female, required for large active department of 11 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications together with the names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent.

FULL-time Warden required for flourishing Club for Children in N. London. Training and experience essential. Particulars and application forms from Junior Club Secretary, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave St., London, S.W.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker (third) required as member of team comprising two other Psychiatric Social Workers, family case worker. Psychiatrists, psychologists, play and speech therapists. Whitley Council salary scale. Applications to Sister Jude, Director, Notre Dame Child Guidance Clinic, 20 Atholl Gardens, Glasgow, W.2.

WARDEN or experienced Social Worker (woman) required in September for Caxton House Settlement. Accommodation provided. Apply, giving references and particulars of experience, to Chairman, Caxton House Settlement, London, N.4.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, S.E.9. Headmaster: M. K. Ross, M.A. New Secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open January, 1958. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning probably in September. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial allowance (likely to be assessed at £500 a year). School will offer wide variety of studies, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample practical provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. Applicants should have good academic qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience; and be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 2, Greenwich High Road, S.E.10 (s.a.e. f'scap). (965).

INFORMAL lecture courses. Panel of lecturers being enlarged for short lecture courses to adult guilds and youth clubs on limited range of subjects. Mostly afternoon meetings. Moderate fee and fares. Applications invited from friends of the Co-operative Movement. Details from Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, S.E.10.

RUNTON Hill School, Norfolk. (Recognised Independent School 80-90 boarders. Burnham Scale. Superannuation.) Required in September: (1) Graduate Housemistress for House of 35-40 girls aged 12-18. Subject preferred one of the following: Geography, Science, Mathematics, English; (2) Graduate to teach History throughout school to University Entrance; (3) Graduate to teach General Science and Biology. Applics. to Headmistress, Runton Hill, West Runton, Norfolk.

INDEPENDENT School in Hampshire, maladjusted children, not subnormal, aged 9-16, co-educational, progressive outlook, requires qualified teacher. Salary based on Burnham. Write with personal details, Chn. Sec., 39 Lyndale Ave., London, N.W.2.

WANTED September interested, experienced teacher for science and general subjects and/or music in co-ed boarding school. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

MARKET Research. Applications are invited from men and women interested in social research to carry out field work for psychological studies in market research. Interviewers will be based in London but some travelling as well as evening and weekend work will be involved. Some training in the use of psychological techniques will be given. Applicants must be aged between 25 and 45, educated to at least school certificate standard, possessing a neat appearance and good speaking voice. Write, giving full details of age, education and experience, to The Personnel Officer, British Market Research Bureau, 51 Grosvenor St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18 (for 2,000 boys, being built up from a grammar school and including engineering and building technical courses and variety of modern courses). Deputy Headmaster required in January. Candidates should possess broad education of outlook and experience, and enterprising approach to teaching methods and school organisation; they will be expected to adduce evidence of these attributes from their present and earlier work. Burnham (London) scale salary, with allowance of £500 a year. Form EO/TS10(SR) from (s.a.e. f'scap.) Divisional Officer, St. John's Hill, S.W.11, and returnable to him at school within two weeks. (1006).

THE Royal Scottish Academy of Music and College of Dramatic Art. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Teacher of Voice Production and Acting, commencing September 1. The initial appointment will be for one year. Salary, for men, £600-£35—£1,050 with placing in respect of experience, for women "equal pay" per Scottish Education Department regulations. Candidates are expected to hold a Speech qualification and have a sound knowledge of Phonetics. Applications (3 copies) with names of three referees should state age and experience and be sent not later than June 15 to The Secretary, Royal Scottish Academy of Music, St. George's Place, Glasgow, C.2.

SURREY. September or sooner, Science Teacher (man or woman) with some maths., Geog. or French; resident in small "Progressive" school, moderate but adequate salary; outstanding opportunity for imaginative teaching of small groups of intelligent friendly children. Write fully to The Principal, New Sherwood School, Epsom.

KINDERGARTEN Assistant wanted to help with sm. group children 3-6 yrs. in charge of Froebel-trained teacher. Box 2769.

TUTORS in English required for Italian boys in London. Mornings only at £4 4s. per week. Box 2946.

THE headquarters of a national organisation having a progressive programme concerned with educational and social questions and with international connections requires a woman graduate between 25 and 35 as assistant secretary. She should be energetic, have some organising ability, and previous office or administrative experience would be an advantage. Starting salary £500. Apply before June 30 to the British Federation of University Women, 17a Kings Road, S.W.3. Interviews early July.

FAMILY Planning Association requires administrative assistant. Previous executive office experience, ability to handle committee work and correspondence essential. Preferably University graduate and social service background. Starting salary £500 per annum or according to experience. Hours 9.30-5. No Saturdays. Full particulars to General Secretary, F.P.A., 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, marking envelope "Application."

WHY not be a nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £261, £285 a year, plus dependant's allowance. Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write: Matron, West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a woman assistant to the Retail Liaison Officer, to make arrangements for courses, small exhibitions, promotion material, etc. Some travelling. Good education and presence and strong interest in design essential. Retail experience preferred. Under 40. Starting salary £400-£722 according to experience, rising to £900. Contributory pension scheme. Write, giving full details of age, education, posts held with dates, to The Establishment Officer, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

CATERPILLAR Sales Manager. Applications are invited from men who have had practical experience in selling Caterpillar equipment. Previous overseas experience is not essential but it would be desirable. Vacancy is located in the Caribbean area, and the position carries a very good salary with home leave every two to three years. Write Box Y.348, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

SMALL highly concentrated & mechanised dairy farm requires keen, intelligent boy leaving school for tuition. No premium. Join family. Generous & improving wages. Ely, Anglia. Box 2840.

NANNIE/Mother's Help to look after baby for peal, mother; graduate household. Late summer. Daily or res.; nr. Regent's Pk. Baby not insuperable objection. Box 3126.

ASSISTANT required with organising ability and experience for holiday group of French and English boys and girls, 10-16. Home Counties. Box 3026.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretarial, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 29 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. (LONdon Wall 4609.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required to take charge of a Home at Walton-on-Naze for 13 boys and girls. Salary £404×£15—£465, less £115 for emoluments, plus £15 for certificate. One resid. asst. employed and daily helpers. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

REQUIRED by Trade Charity, Clerk/Typist, knowledge shorthand, interested social welfare. 5 days, 9-5, luncheon vouchers, appropriate salary. Apply Sec., C.B.F., 11 Green Street, W.1.

SECRETARY required to help organise publication of buildings in leading architectural weekly: specialist knowledge not so important as organising ability and initiative. Please send details of experience, age and present salary to Box 2958.

SECRETARY required by Wandsworth Old Peoples' Welfare Council. Experience in social service essential. Salary £500 to £600 according to qualifications. Application forms from Mrs. Monson, Hon. Sec., 82 Girdwood Road, S.W.18. Closing date June 15.

ANTI-Slavery Society requires assistant to Secretary, Shorthand, book-keeping, etc. Hours 10-5. 5-day week. Salary £450 p.a. Varied, interesting work. Apply in writing to 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Vacancy for secretary-assistant to Information and Publications Officer. The job provides experience in editorial work, proof reading and preparing Journal make-up, and offers scope to someone interested in personnel management and social and industrial problems. Good general education and s/h-typing essential. Five-day week but experienced part-time worker also considered. Luncheon vouchers. Salary according to age and experience; min. rate at 19, £6 9s. Tel. HOLborn 3456, Ext. 109.

SHORTHAND-Typist for interesting work with National Marriage Guidance Council. Hours 9-5, no Sats. Holiday this year. Written applications, with age, experience and salary required, to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist, really quick and efficient, required by social worker for individual correspondence with disabled people. Experience of social work an advantage. No Saturdays. Reply National Association for the Paralysed, 1 York Street, Baker Street, W.1.

TELEPRINTER oper./clerk (lady), compet. typist, good at figures, fair knowl. German, City. Good pay & cond. Box 3124.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time typist, from 9-2. Salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

TEMP. (10-5) Clks., C/Typs., Sh./Typs. (£8 12s. 6d.). Also permanent male/female office staff. Lawsen Agency, 63 Moorgate, E.C.2. MON. 6393.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SERIOUS Italian yng. lady, graduate English, French, sks. employment England, teaching, tutor in family, office, hotel, travel bureau. Other suggs. welcome. Box 3086.

LADY with 10 years' experience of personnel and welfare work in industry seeks similar occupation, anywhere. No degrees or diplomas, only intell. & commonsense. Box 2878.

YOUNG woman teacher desires temporary post, August holiday. Secretarial experience. Refs. Box 2881.

BUSINESS Woman, 50s, bi-lingual Eng./French. Gen. office exper., educatnl. publishing, subs., export, typing, sks. remun. post, pref. Vict./Westminster area. Box 3002.

PAINTER (31) beginning analysis seeks work. £6 p.w. minimum. Intelligent and unafraid of manual labour. Box 3137.

PUBLIC School master, 28, making change, seeks any interesting temp. work few months. Central London now. Box 3183.

AMERICAN gentleman, married, 32, grad. degrees in History & Library Science, 5 yrs. exp. in historical research & archival management, desires employment & additional exp. in Britain, pref. beginning Autumn, 1957. Sal. commensurate with position. Box 3117.

YNG. lady (20) fluent German, 14 months Vienna. Advanced Level German, French, Spanish, sec. trng., seeks intg. position. Miss Ann Keay, 150 Sidcup Hill, Sidcup, Kent.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplictg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. The University will offer a number of Scholarships to graduates and to those expected to graduate this summer who wish to read for higher degrees in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. There will be opportunities for advanced study and training in research in all the main departments of the Faculty and in subjects common to more than one department. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, the University, Birmingham 15, to whom applications should be sent before June 15, 1957.

SCHOLARSHIPS—continued

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Post-Graduate Scholarship in Soviet Institutions. Applications are invited for a Post-Graduate Scholarship in Soviet Institutions, tenable for one year. Stipend £400-£500, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (3 copies) should be lodged, not later than June 21, 1957, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

PERSONAL

WORKING Housekeeper wanted to manage small luxury house & small boy aged 6. No supervisn. Comf. home, radio &c. Box 3170

ARTIST would rent studio, London, 2-3 weeks September or exchange studio Antibes. Box 2760.

COTE d'Azur: Large villa (sleeps 8), minute sea, to let July only. And/or share of same villa, October to May. Please state needs. Box 3166.

BECHSTEIN Grand (black), 6ft. 6in., best vintage, excel. cond. £200/nr. LAD. 3355.

AERIAL Propaganda Leaflets of all wars wanted. Robbs, Grendon, Northampton.

LYRICS & Sketches wtd. for Revue: also blood-curdling one-act plays. Submit to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square.

TEACHER (f.), exp. sec., reqs. tutorial/sec. work August. Box 2880.

GOING on holiday? Young Doctor requires flat/house (for 1-2 couples) Central London, June 15-Aug. 5 or similar. Box 3132.

WEEKENDERS: see motor caravan (shuttles parties London/New Forest) at 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1, 6.30, June 7.

INTELL. girl 20's, photographer, sks. hol. comp. (f) or wd. join small party Continent 3 wks. Mediterranean. Box 2738.

BACHELOR seeks domesticated companion (m), youngish, driver's licence, willing travel. Box 2917.

1957 Model answers to 1957 Applied Economics exam. questions includ. European Free Trade, Monopoly & Budget policy, etc. Lecturer, "Half Acre," Iffley, Oxford (77013).

FOUR journalists with camera motoring overland S. Africa via Europe-Iran-Ethiopia-Kenya, Sept. sk. commissns. ILF. 4643.

FOR the under 25's—Rencontres Internationales de Jeunes en Avignon—July 16/Aug. 1—£5 5s. inclusive for 7 days, but journey extra, possible extensions elsewhere before or after those dates. Applications to be sent to Mr. T. Meredith, the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

NAPLES, Posillipo; Englishman lets elegantly furnished 4-room flat in villa, garden, 5 minutes sea; all modern conveniences, maid available, July-September. Ideal rest. £60 per month, payable England. Frank, Via Torre Ranieri 7, Naples.

YOUNG person required to buy & cook simple meal four evenings weekly, for two. July. 'Phone CANonbury 1008.

AMERICAN Griscombe portable microfilm reader, 110- and 220-volt, as new, £85 or best offer. Box 3039.

WOULD anyone with capital to invest consider loan £3,000, mortgage basis, to couple, sound agricultural background, wishing purchase smallholding? Fullest investigation welcomed. Box 3040.

2/3 SEATS available modern American car, thro' Germany to Venice. Leave London July 4, return Aug. 5. Share exes. Box 3157.

GRAD. teacher (f.) 24, widely travelled, seeks summer job/holiday abroad. Box 3107.

ANY interesting jobs for students (f.) between mid-July, end-Oct.? Box 2995.

RETIRING Soldiers & others: £1,500 p.a. & free car on investmt. of £2,000. Lobstein, Prime Poultry Service, Jordans, Bucks.

GIRL hitch-hiking Continent, N. Africa, July onwards, seeks companion (f). G. Mooney, Bure House, Shankill, Co. Dublin.

HILLMAN soft-top or Californian ('55 on) wanted to hire July 9-27. State terms. Box 2846.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast in modern panoramic flat overlooking Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Teniente Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

RECORDS. L.P.s sent post-free in U.K. M. McCreery, 233 Old Brompton Road, S.W.5. Open until 8 p.m. FREmantle 9037.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 123 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

HOLIDAYS in woodland property (800 ft.) Chilterns. Children over 10 welcomed to mix with small group of children from France for summer months. The Town & Country, 38-40 Eton Ave., N.W.3.

PERSONAL—continued

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Consultations by appointment—The Secretary, F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER FOUNDATION, 16 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 1863.

ITALIAN, French or German knowledge for your holiday. Easy, quick and successful method. Also coaching up to University entrance. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

YOUNG woman offers 2 weeks' free work June/July to humanitarian organisation. Outdoors, typist or suggestions. Box 2854.

RETIRED Civil Servant with experience social work offers voluntary regular help as treasurer or similar function. Box 2918.

YOUNG man, 33, single, orphan, no capital, suffering from epilepsy & double valvular heart disease, would welcome help—ideas on how to be financially independent without further damaging his health. Box 2973.

TWO gentlemen with car going South of France, July 18-August 7, would like to share expenses of trip with two others. Must be gay & amusing company. Box 2849.

YOUNG prof. woman & daughter aged 6, both friendly and domesticated, finances secure though modest, find isolated country life too lonely, would welcome suggestions from lonely householders in London or Home Counties re sharing home. Interests literary and educational. Box 3062.

SCHOOL required. Day and boarding, preferably nr. London where two keen intelligent girls 9 & 13, abroad several years therefore behind in education, can be helped by modern methods and kindness to catch up; music & art important. Box 3064.

KINDRED spirits sought by lady keen meandering off beaten track Greece, Turkey; Spain second choice Box 3069.

BACHELOR (27) touring Italy (car) Sept. seeks companion (m.). Box 3058.

MOTORISED Caravan. Housed owner 4 yrs. in comfort. Exc. order. Pleasing. Well fitted. Deliver anywh. Offers Box 3061.

DOCTOR'S family (4 children) require capable woman to cook, do light domestic work and help with children. Pleasant accommodation (2 rooms, own bathroom and kitchenette if required) in modern Hampstead house; might accept child too if mother has right personality. Box 3020.

ITALY, post au-pair, lady (poss. over 30) Lake Garda, teach 3 children Engl., June-Sept. Write to Miss Sachs, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

SEASIDE holiday within 2 hrs. London needed by schoolmaster, wife, 3 yng. boys fortnight Aug. Careful tenants. Box 3071.

FRENCH boy (16) reqs. sea/country home, August, own age company, to perfect English. Box 2924.

EXCHANGE pleasant house/garden, cat, for seaside/country cottage, sleep 5, all or part August; Sussex preferred. Walker, 9 Howes Place, Cambridge.

WOULD you like to Rally in a Bentley in Spain? We have car seats for that! Also to Italy, France, Switzerland. Passengers wishing share expenses with car owners or vice versa, contact with (s.a.e.) Car Guest Registry, 89 Lower Sloane St., S.W.1.

LINGUAPHONE German records. Will exchange for Italian or sell. Box 2941.

YNG. man sks. another 21-28 for touring Hol. Share exps. A.30. Box 2967.

BACHELOR Socialist (35) reqs. companion (m.), Galway holiday. Fly July 28, return Aug. 11 (all-in cost £30). Box 2994.

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation offered in attractive private home near Colosseum. Price incl. breakfast 18s. Countess Beryl Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

GOUDHURST—Exciting holidays, English and Continental young people over 12 at Pinehurst International Centre. Tuition in English if required. Apply: Sec., Pinehurst, Goudhurst, Kent. Tel. Goudhurst 316.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Camping Holiday, I.o.W. Aug. Age 11-plus. Dr. Ostergaard, 12 Park Drive, N.W.11. SPE. 2509.

MANIPULATIVE Treatment for backache and spinal trouble. Massage Relaxation-Therapy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

EARN money songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2½d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2.

PERSONAL—continued

ITALIAN: Beginners, weekend, Jun. 28 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also L.R. Group, Jul. 5, "Square Dancing."

MEALS? Temporarily I can cook, wash up, shop, anything from bkfst. to supper; cheerful yng. family prefd. N.W.1. Box 3189.

SML. well-equip. s.c. rm. Clapham Sth. Rent-free exch. baby-sitting. TUL. 3487.

SURREY Downs. Holiday flat for 3. Available between July 25-Sept. 8. Two bed-sitting rooms, own kitchen. 25 minutes London on Brighton line. 5gns. Box 3161.

ST. JEAN de Luz. Dble. rm. (wash bsn.), brkfst., Eng. spkn. July & Aug. 16-31. Olliver, 19 rue Froment, Paris XIe.

FURN. room Marylebone, no rent if occupier stays in 2 evenings keep eye on dogs, but 10s. week for heat, bath, elec. Light, paid housework available. Suitable retired woman worker. Box 3146.

WRITER (libretto, lyric), Translator, M.A., F.I.L. (Fr. & Gn.) offers from Aug./Sept. b/s.c. N.W. for 12-hr. wk. lt. help and/or collaboration from person of like or complementary assets, e.g., composer. Meet now. Box 3169.

SWISS girl 16½ would like holiday au pair, help in home. From mid-July onwards. Darcy, 47 Chesterfield Rd., Ashford, Middx.

WELL-educated young woman teacher seeks job abroad month of August as governess in French/Austrian fam. Box 2975.

DORDOGNE and Pyrenees: 15-day camp tour July 27. Box 3167.

DO you know Chess Club/Centre, W.1, where I could learn/play? Box 2900.

HEIDELBERG undergraduate (22) willing work or teach German August/September return congenial accommodation private house. Write Box 2906.

CLAVICHORD wanted. J. West, 33 Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

THREE Brothers (aged 14, 12 and 10), likeable, tough and intelligent, are looking for a permanent home with Foster Parents, who would appreciate these qualities. Apply: Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford.

SUMMER Camp at Sorrento, July 30-August 22, 1957. Inclusive price 30 gns.-33 gns., depending on numbers. Open to boys and girls aged 11-18. For further details apply The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3 or telephone HAMpstead 2019 in school hours. Closing date July 1.

GRANADA, Spain. Fiestas and Fun. Siestas and Sun. Spanish language courses in June, July, August. The finest holiday at amazingly low all-in cost. Details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado, 244, Granada, Spain.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

PAYING guests, acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/studs. W. End, seaside, cntry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132/KEN 8806.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

BENEFICIAL general massage by expert trained Nurse-Physiotherapist. Highly recomm. for tiredness & general well-being. Appointments HAM. 2514, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

HUMANISM is an outlook for persons who think. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths. Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information, Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small hall & committee rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., London, W.C.1.

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TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

For Holiday Travel see page 747